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HYMNS

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Spiritual Songs,

FOR THE

USE OF CHRISTIANS:

INCLUDING

A number never before published.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne: and no man could learn that song, but the redeemed from the earth."—Rev. xiv, 3.

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HYMNS, &c.

WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 **B**Y faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end in view,
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide
And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand;
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
 Whene'er my feeble spirit faints,
 At once my soul revives and sings,
 And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 7 I pity all the worldling's talk
 Of pleasure that will quickly end;
 Be this my choice, O Lord to walk
 With thee, my guide my guard, my friend.



MY NAME IS JACOB.

- 1 **N**AY, I cannot let thee go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold,
 Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
 Mercy heard and set him free,
 Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen ;
 Yet have been upheld 'till now,
 Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
 'This emboldens me to plead ;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last !

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesu's sake.



JOSEPH MADE KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN.

1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear ;
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear ;
 A while his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sins to their minds ;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hastened to shew himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told !
 “I am Joseph, your brother, he said,
 “And still to my heart you are dear ;

“ You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 “ But God, for your sakes sent me here.”

3 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charg'd with purloining the cup ;
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst to look up,
 “ Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 “ Forgive us the evil we did ?
 “ And will he our household maintain ?
 “ O this is a brother indeed !”

4 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
 And laden with guilt to the Lord ;
 Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word :
 At first he look'd stern and severe,
 What anguish then pierced my heart ;
 Expecting each moment to hear
 The sentence, “ Thou cursed depart.”

5 But oh ! what surprise when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace ;
 “ Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
 “ By thee I was sold and was slain ;
 “ But I died to redeem thee from hell,
 “ And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 “ I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
 “ And crucify'd often afresh ;

“ But let me henceforth be esteem’d
 “ Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh ;
 “ My pardon I freely bestow,
 “ Thy wants I will fully supply ;
 “ I’ll guide thee and guard thee below,
 “ And soon will remove thee on high.

7 “ Go publish to sinners around,
 “ That they may be willing to come,
 “ The mercy which now you have found,
 “ And tell them that yet there is room.”
 Oh, sinners, the message obey !
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come without further delay,
 To Jesus, our brother and friend.



THE LORD MY BANNER.

1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword or spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 ‘Twas Israel’s God and King
 Who sent him to the fight
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 You feeble saints your strength endures,
 Because young David’s God is your’s.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
 When, with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord ;
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side ?
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.



BALAAH'S WISH.

1 **H**OW blest the righteous are !
 When they resign their breath !
 No wonder Balaam wish'd to share
 In such a happy death.

2 " Oh ! let me die said he,
 " The death the righteous do ;
 " When life is ended, let me be
 " Found with the faithful few."

- 3 The force of truth how great !
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess,
- 4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere :
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And fought a portion here.
- 5 He seem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth ;
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.
- 6 May you my friends, and I
Warning form hence receive ;
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.



SAMPSON'S LION.

- 1 **T**HE lion that on Sampson roar'd,
And thirsted for his blood ;
With honey afterwards was stor'd,
And furnish'd him with food.
- 2 Believers, as they pass along,
With many lions meet ;
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater, meat.

- 3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.
- 4 The world and Satan join their strength,
To fill their soul with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they sow in tears.
- 5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to pray'r;
And many precious proofs afford
Of their Redeemer's care.
- 6 The lions roar, but cannot kill;
When fear them not my friends;
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.



HANNAH, OR THE THRONE OF GRACE.

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,

Was comforted and glad :
 In trouble what a resting place,
 Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Though men and devils rage,
 And threaten to devour ;
 The saints from age to age
 Are safe from all their pow'r :
 Fresh strength they gain to run their race.
 By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Eli her case mistook,
 How was her spirit mov'd
 By this unkind rebuke ?
 But God her cause approv'd.
 We need not fear a creature's face,
 While welcome at a throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
 As Eli rashly thought ;
 But with a faith divine,
 And found the help she sought :
 Though men despise, and call us base,
 Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Men have not pow'r or skill,
 With troubled souls to bear ;
 Though they express good will,
 Poor comforters they are :
 But swelling sorrows sink apace,
 When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before him try'd,
 And found the promise true;
 Nor yet one been deny'd
 Then why should I or you?
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obscure the light,
 And taint the morning air;
 But soon are put to flight,
 If the bright sun appear;
 Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
 By shining from the throne of grace.

SAUL'S ARMOUR.

1 **W**HEN first my soul enlisted
 My Saviour's foes to fight;
 Mistaken friends insisted,
 I was not arm'd aright;
 So Saul advised David
 He certainly would fail;
 Nor could his life be saved
 Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, though he yielded
 To put the armour on,
 Soon found he could not wield it,
 And ventur'd forth with none.
 with only sling and pebble
 He fought the fight of faith;
 The weapon seem'd but feeble,
 Yet prov'd Goliath's death.

- 3 Had I by him been guided,
 And quickly thrown away
 The armour men provided,
 I might have gain'd the day;
 But arm'd as they advis'd me,
 My expectations fail'd;
 My enemy surpriz'd me,
 And had almost prevail'd.
- 4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
 And arguments and pride;
 I practis'd all my motions,
 And Satan's pow'r defy'd
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble,
 That these would do no good;
 Iron to them is stubble,
 And brags like rotten wood.
- 5 I triumph'd at a distance,
 While he was out of sight;
 But faint was my resistance
 When forc'd to join in fight;
 He broke my sword in shivers,
 And pierc'd my boasted shield;
 Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
 And drove me from the field.
- 6 Satan will not be braved
 By such a worm as I:
 Then let me learn with David,
 To trust in the Most High;

To plead the name of Jesus,
 And use the fling of pray'r;
 Thus arm'd when Satan sees us
 He'll tremble and despair.



ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r
 He himself has bid thee pray;
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring:
 For his grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast:
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face;
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 Print thine own resemblance there.

- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith
Let me live the people's death.



THE MEAL AND CRUISE OF OIL.

- 1 **B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustain'd ;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die ;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour ;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and pow'r.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend ;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.

- 5 Then let no doubt your mind assuage,
Remember, God has said,
"The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
"My people shall be fed."
- 6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supply'd by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.
- 7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.



NAAMAN.

- 1 **B**EFORE Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood,
But could not brook to wait,
He deem'd himself too good:
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not to him a message send.
- 2 Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen?
I were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean:
Why must I wash in Jordan's flood?
Damascus' rivers are as good.

3 Thus, by his foolish pride,
 He almost miss'd a cure;
 Howe'er at length he try'd
 And found the method sure :
 Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
 His leprosy was quickly heal'd.

4 Leprous and proud as he,
 To Jesus thus I came,
 From sin to set me free,
 When first I heard his fame :
 Surely, thought I, my pompous train
 Of vows and tears will notice gain.

5 My heart devis'd the way
 Which I suppos'd he'd take;
 And when I found delay,
 Was ready to go back :
 Had he some painful task enjoin'd
 I to performance seem'd inclin'd.

5 When by his word he spake,
 "That fountain open'd see;
 'Twas open'd for thy sake,
 "Go wash and thou art free :"
 Oh! how did my proud heart gain-say,
 I fear'd to trust this simple way.

7 At length I trial made,
 When I had much endur'd ;
 The message I obey'd,
 I wash'd and I was cur'd :

Sinners this healing fountain try
Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.

FAITH'S REVIEW AND EXPECTATION.

- 1 **A** MAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;

But God who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

O THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd
His praises tun'd my tongue:
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;

And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey ;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.



NONE UPON EARTH I DESIRE BESIDES THEE.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ; [flow'rs,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have lost all their sweetness with me ;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear :
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No change of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

DWELLING IN MESECH.

1 **W**HAT a mournful life is mine,
 Fill'd with crosses, pains and cares !
 Ev'ry work defil'd with sin,
 Ev'ry step beset with snares !

2 If alone I pensive sit,
 I myself can hardly bear ;
 If I pass along the street,
 Sin and riot triumph there.

3 Jesus ! how my heart is pain'd,
 How it mourns for souls deceiv'd ;

When I hear thy name profan'd,
When I see thy spirit griev'd !

4 When thy children's grief I view,
Their distress becomes my own ;
All I hear, or see, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep and groan.

5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice ;
"Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
"But in me thou may'st rejoice."

6 This kind word dispell'd my grief,
Put to silence my complaints ;
Tho' of sinners I'm the chief,
He has rank'd me with his saints.

7 Tho' constrain'd to dwell a while
Where the wicked strive and brawl ;
Let them frown, so he but smile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.

8 There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin and fears :
Nothing there our peace molest,
Thro' eternal rounds of years.

9 Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down ;
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promis'd crown.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear?
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king:
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

REFRAINE

O LORD I WILL PRAISE THEE.

- 1 **I** WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
 Now thine anger's turn'd away!
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here in the fair gospel field,
 Wells of free salvation yield,
 Streams of life a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
 My salvation and my strength;
 And his praises shall prolong,
 While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye then, his glorious name,
 Publish his exalted fame!
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again thy joyful sound,
 Let the nations roll it round!
 Zion shout, for this is he,
 God the Saviour dwells in thee.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
 'Till Jesus made me whole !
 There is but one physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul !
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wond'rous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compar'd with sin ;
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within ;
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness—all combin'd ;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain,
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 'Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great physician,
 How matchless is his grace !

Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bid me look unto him ;
 I look'd and I was heal'd.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith ;
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to thy physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.



HUMBLLED AND SILENCED BY MERCY.

- 1 **O**NCE perishing in blood I lay,
 Creatures no help could give ;
 But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
 He saw, and bid me live.
- 2 Tho' Satan still his rule maintain'd,
 And all his arts employ'd ;
 That mighty word his rage restrain'd,
 I could not be destroy'd.
- 3 At length the time of love arriv'd,
 When I my Lord should know ;
 Then Satan of his pow'r depriv'd,
 Was forc'd to let me go.

4 O, can I e'er that day forget,
When Jesus kindly spoke !
" Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

5 " Henceforth I take thee for my own,
And give myself to thee ;
Forfake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me."

6 Ah, worthless heart ! it promis'd fair,
And said it would be thine ;
I little thought it e'er would dare,
Again with idols join.

7 Lord, dost thou such back-slidings heal,
And pardon all that's past ?
Sure, if I am not made of steel,
Thou hast prevail'd at last.

8 My tongue, which rashly spoke before,
This mercy will restrain ;
Surely I now shall boast no more.
Nor censure, nor complain.



BELSHAZZAR.

1 **P** OOR finners ! little do they think,
With whom they have to do !
But stand securely on the brink
Of everlasting woe.

- 2 Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,
The Lord of Hosts defy'd.
But vengeance soon his boasts controul'd,
And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
(And trembled on his throne)
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
In characters unknown.
- 4 Why should he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read?
Foreboding conscience quickly knew
His ruin was decreed.
- 5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress,
His eyes with anguish roll,
His looks and loosen'd joints, express
The terrors of his soul.
- 6 His pomp, and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford.
O sinners, ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.
- 7 The law like this hand-writing stands,
And speaks the wrath of God;
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

ON ONE STONE SHALL BE SEVEN EYES,

- 1 **J**ESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
 Who his blood for sinner's spilt;
 Is the stone by God appointed,
 And the church is on him built:
 He delivers all who trust him, from their guilt.
- 2 Many eyes at once are fixed
 On a person so divine;
 Love with awful justice mixed,
 In his great redemption shine:
 Mighty Jesus, give me leave to call thee mine.
- 3 By the Father's eye approved,
 Lo, a voice is heard from heav'n,
 "Sinners, this is my beloved,
 For your ransom freely giv'n:
 All offences, for his sake, shall be forgiven."
- 4 Angels with their eyes pursu'd him,
 When he left his glorious throne;
 With astonishment they view'd him,
 Put the form of servant on: [known:
 Angels worship'd him who was on earth un-
- 5 Satan and his host amazed,
 Saw this stone in Zion laid;
 Jesus, tho' to death abased,
 Bruis'd the subtle serpent's head,
 When to save us, on the cross his blood he shed,

- 6 When a guilty sinner sees him,
 While he looks his soul is heal'd ;
 Soon his sight from anguish frees him,
 And imparts a pardon seal'd :
 May this Saviour be to all our hearts reveal'd.
- 7 With desire and admiration,
 All his blood-bought flock behold
 Him who wrought out their salvation,
 And enclos'd them in his fold :
 Yet their warmest love and praises are too cold.
- 8 By the eye of carnal reason,
 Many view him with disdain ;
 How will they abide the season,
 When he'll come with all his train ? [vain.
 To escape him then they'll wish, but wish in
- 9 How their hearts will melt and tremble,
 When they hear his awful voice :
 But his faints he'll then assemble,
 As his portion and his choice ;
 And receive them to his everlasting joys.



THE BEGGAR.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by the word
 Of promise to the poor ;
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door !
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain ;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more :
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few :
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend .
I never begg'd before ?
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I ;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy :

O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.



A SICK SOUL.

1 **P**HYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul.
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?

No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

- 4 It lies not in a single part,
But thro' my frame is spread
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame,
And overclouds and fills my mind,
With folly, fear and shame.
- 6 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.
- 7 Lord I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?



WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST ?

- 1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your
You cannot be right in the rest, [scheme;
Unless you think rightly of him:
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost :
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan ;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can :
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some stile him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys ;
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in the terrible day !
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor ;
 I say he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,

My Saviour, from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord and my all.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

- 1 **W**HEN descending from the sky,
 The bridegroom shall appear ;
 And the solemn midnight cry,
 Shall call professors near ;
 How the sound our hearts will damp !
 How will shame o'erspread each face !
 If we only have a lamp,
 Without the oil of grace.
- 2 Foolish virgins then will wake,
 And seek for a supply ;
 But in vain the pains they take
 To borrow or to buy :
 Then with those they now despise,
 Earnestly they'll wish to share ;
 But the best among the wise,
 Will have no oil to spare.
- 3 Wise are they, and truly blest,
 Who then shall ready be !
 But despair will seize the rest,
 And dreadful misery,
 Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd no doubt,
 Though in lies our trust we put ;
 Now our lamp of hope is out,
 The door of mercy shut.

- 4 If they then presume to plead,
 " Lord open to us now ;
 We on earth have heard and pray'd,
 And with thy saints did bow : "
 He will answer from his throne,
 " Though you with my people mix'd,
 Yet to me you ne'er were known,
 Depart, your doom is fix'd."
- 5 O that none who worship here
 May hear the word depart !
 Lord, impress a godly fear
 On each professor's heart :
 Help us Lord, to search the camp,
 Let us not ourselves beguile ;
 Trusting to a dying lamp,
 Without a stock of oil.



THE LEGION DISPOSSESSED.

- 1 **L**EGION was my name, by nature
 Satan rag'd within my breast ;
 Never misery was greater,
 Never sinner more possess'd :
 Mischievous to all around me,
 To myself the greatest foe ;
 Thus I was when Jesus found me,
 Fill'd with madness, sin, and woe,
- 2 Yet in this forlorn condition
 When he came to set me free ;
 I reply'd to my physician,

“ What have I to do with thee ?”
 But he would not be prevented,
 Rescu’d me against my will ;
 Had he staid ’till I consented,
 I had been a captive still.

3 “ Satan, tho’ thou fain would’st have it,
 Know this soul is none of thine ;
 I have shed my blood to save it,
 Now I challenge it for mine ;
 Tho’ it long has thee resembled,
 Henceforth it shall me obey ;”
 Thus he spoke, while Satan trembled,
 Gnash’d his teeth, and fled away.

4 Thus my frantic soul he healed,
 Bid my sins and sorrows cease ;
 “ Take (said he) my pardon sealed,
 I have sav’d thee, go in peace :
 Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,
 Now thy love and grace I know ;
 Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
 Why should I remain below.

5 “ Love (he said) will sweeten labours,
 Thou hast something yet to do ;
 Go and tell your friends and neighbours,
 What my love has done for you :
 Live to manifest my glory ;
 Wait for heav’n a little space :
 Sinners, when they hear thy story,
 Will repent and seek my face.”

BARTIMEUS.

1 “**M**ERCY, O thou son of David!”
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray’d;
 Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid :
 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call’d the louder still ;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 “ Come, and ask me what you will.”

2 Money was not what he wanted,
 Tho’ by begging us’d to live ;
 But he ask’d, and Jesus granted
 Alms, which none but he could give ;
 “ Lord remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day ;”
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow’d Jesus in the way.

3 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 “ Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found :
 Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis’d by me !
 Surely, would they hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.”

THE BLASTED FIG-TREE.

- 1 **O**NE awful word, which Jesus spoke,
Against the tree which bore no fruit,
More piercing than the light'ning's stroke,
Blasted and dried it to the root.
- 2 But could a tree the Lord offend,
To make him shew his anger thus ?
He surely had a farther end,
To be a warning-word to us.
- 3 'The fig-tree by its leaves was known,
But having not a fig to show ;
It brought a heavy sentence down,
" Let none hereafter on thee grow."
- 4 Too many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives,
We to this fig-tree may compare,
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.
- 5 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.
- 6 Without the fruit the Lord expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse ;
The barren tree he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

- 7 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r,
 On each of us thy spirit send,
 That we the fruits of grace may bear,
 And find acceptance in the end.



THE TWO DEBTORS.

- 1 **O**NCE a woman silent stood,
 While Jesus sat at meat ;
 From her eyes she pour'd a flood,
 To wash his sacred feet.
 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possess'd her mind !
 That she e'er so vile should prove,
 Yet now forgiveness find.
- 2 " How came this vile woman here ?
 Will Jesus notice such ?
 Sure, if he a prophet were,
 He would disdain her touch !"
 Simon thus, with scornful heart,
 Slighted one whom Jesus lov'd,
 But her Saviour took her part,
 And thus his pride reprov'd.
- 3 " If two men in debt were bound,
 One less, the other more ;
 Fifty or five hundred pound,
 And both alike were poor ;
 Should the lender both forgive,
 When he saw them both distress'd ;

Which of them would you believe,
 “ Engag’d to love him best ?”

4 “ Surely he who much did owe,”
 The Pharisee reply’d ;
 Then our Lord, “ by judging so,
 Thou dost for her decide :
 Simon, if like her you know,
 How much you forgiveness need ;
 You like her had acted too,
 And welcom’d me indeed,

5 “ When the load of sin is felt,
 And much forgiveness known ;
 Then the heart of course will melt,
 Though hard before as stone :
 Blame not then, her love and tears,
 Greatly she in debt has been ;
 But I have remov’d her fears,
 And pardon’d all her sin.

6 When I read this woman’s case,
 Her love and humble zeal ;
 I confess, with shame of face,
 My heart is made of steel.
 Much has been forgive to me,
 Jesus paid my heavy score ;
 What a creature I must be,
 That I can love no more.

THE WORLDLING.

1 “**M**Y barns are full, my stores increase,
 And now for many years,
 Soul eat and drink, and take thine ease,
 Secure from wants and fears.”

2 Thus, while a worldling boasted once,
 As many now perfume;
 He heard the Lord himself pronounce,
 His sudden awful doom.

3 “This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
 Into a world unknown;
 And who shall then the stores possess,
 Which thou hast call’d thine own?”

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme,
 For happiness below;
 ’Till death disturbs the pleasing dream,
 And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
 That fills the sinner’s mind,
 When torn by death’s strong hand away,
 He leaves his all behind.

6 Wretches who cleave to earthly things,
 But are not rich to God;
 Their dying hour is full of stings,
 And hell their dark abode.

- 7 Dear Saviour make us timely wise,
 Thy gospel to attend ;
 That we may live above the skies,
 When this poor life shall end.
-

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

- 1 **T**HE church a garden is,
 In which believers stand,
 Like ornamental trees,
 Planted by God's own hand :
 His spirit waters all their roots,
 And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits,
- 2 But other trees there are,
 In this inclosure grow ;
 Which, though they promise fair,
 Have only leaves to show :
 No fruits of grace are on them found,
 They stand but cumb'ers of the ground.
- 3 The under gard'ner grieves,
 In vain his strength he spends,
 For heaps of uselefs leaves,
 Afford him small amends :
 He hears the Lord his will make known,
 To cut the barren fig-tree down.
- 4 How difficult his post,
 What pangs his bowels move,
 To find his wishes cross'd,
 His labours uselefs prove !

His last relief, his earnest pray'r,
 " Lord, spare them yet another year.

- 5 " Spare them, and let me try,
 What farther means may do ;
 I'll fresh manure apply,
 My digging I'll renew ;
 Who knows but yet they fruit may yield,
 If not—'tis just they must be fell'd."
- 6 If under means of grace,
 No gracious fruit appear ;
 It is a dreadful case,
 Tho' God may long forbear :
 At length he'll strike the threaten'd blow
 And lay the barren fig-tree low.

ZACCHEUS.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
 And thought himself unknown ;
 But how surpriz'd was he,
 When Jesus call'd him down !
 The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
 And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once
 Were painted in his face ;
 " Does he my name pronounce,
 And does he know my case ?
 Will Jesus deign with me to dine ?
 Lord, I, with all I have, am thine.

- 3 Thus, where the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear:
The hearts of some are reach'd,
Before they are aware;
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say;
But how the sinner starts to find,
The preacher knows his inmost mind.
- 5 His long forgotten thoughts,
Are brought again in view,
And all his secret thoughts
Reveal'd in public too,
Tho' compass'd with a croud about,
The searching word has found him out.
- 6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills the heart;
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart;
Then like Zaccheus he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.



THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;

From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O, would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel,
- 5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here from day to day,
I'll wait and hope, and try,
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?

- 8 No he is full of grace ;
 He never will permit
 A soul that fain would see his face,
 To perish at his feet.



LOVEST THOU ME ?

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word,
 Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bear ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shall be,
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

- 6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more !

ANOTHER.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thoughts:
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I his or am I not ?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !

- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love !

- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you !

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

PETER RELEASED FROM PRISON.

1 **P**ERVENT performing pray'rs
Are faith's assur'd resource;
Brazen gates and iron bars,
In vain withstand their force;
Peter when in prison cast,
Though by soldier's kept with care;
Though the doors were bolted fast,
Was soon releas'd by pray'r.

2 While he slept, an angel came
 And spread a light around ;
 Touch'd and call'd him by his name,
 And rais'd him from the ground ;
 All his chains and fetters burst,
 Ev'ry door wide open flew ;
 Peter thought he dream'd, at first,
 But found the vision true.

3 Thus the Lord can make a way
 To bring his faints relief ;
 'Tis their part to wait and pray,
 In spite of unbelief ;
 He can break thro' walls of stone,
 Sink the mountain to a plain ;
 They to whom his name is known,
 Can never pray in vain.

4 Thus in chains of guilt and sin,
 Poor sinners sleeping lie ;
 No alarm is felt within,
 Although condemn'd to die ;
 'Till descending from above
 [Mercy smiling in his eyes]
 Jesus, with a voice of love
 Awakes and bids them rise.

5 Glad the summons they obey,
 And liberty desire ;
 Straight their fetters melt away
 Like wax before the fire ;
 By the word of him who dy'd

Guilty pris'ners to release;
 Ev'ry door flies upon wide,
 And they depart in peace.

THE TREMBLING GAOLER.

- 1 **A** BELIEVER, free from care,
 May in chains or dungeons sing,
 (If the Lord be with him there -
 And be happier than a king
 Paul and Silas thus confin'd,
 Though their backs were torn by whips,
 Yet possessing peace of mind,
 Sung his praise with joyful lips,
- 2 Suddenly the prison shook,
 Open flew the iron doors,
 And the gaoler, terror-struck,
 Now his 'captives' help implores:
 Trembling at their feet he fell,
 "Tell me sirs, what must I do
 To be sav'd from grief and hell?
 None can tell me this but you."
- 3 "Look to Jesus, (thèy reply'd)
 If on him thou canst believe;
 By the death that he has dy'd,
 Thou salvation shalt receive:
 While the living word he heard,
 Faith sprung up within his heart,
 And releas'd from all he fear'd,
 In their joy his soul had part.

- 4 Sinners, Christ is still the same,
 O that you could likewise fear!
 Then the mention of his name
 Would be music to your ear;
 Jesus rescues Satan's slaves,
 His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"
 Jesus to the utmost saves
 Sinners look on him and live,
-

THE GOOD THAT I WOULD I DO NOT.

- 1 I WOULD but cannot sing,
 Guilt has untun'd my voice;
 The serpent sin's envenom'd sting.
 Has poison'd all my joys.
- 2 I know the Lord is nigh
 And would, but cannot pray,
 For Satan meets me when I try
 And frights my soul away.
- 3 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavour oft;
 The stony heart can ne'er relent
 'Till Jesus makes it soft.
- 4 I would but cannot love,
 Though woo'd by love divine;
 No arguments have pow'r to move
 A soul so base as mine.

- 5 I would but cannot rest
In God's most holy will ;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

- 6 O could I but believe !
Then all would easy be
I would but cannot—Lord, relieve !
My help must come from thee.

- 7 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do ;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

- 8 By nature prone to ill,
'Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.

- 9 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun ?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run,

SARDIS.

- 1 **W**RITE to Sardis, (said the Lord)
And write what he declares ;
He whose spirit and whose word
Upholds the seven stars :
All thy works and ways I search,

Find zeal and love decay'd ;
 Thou art call'd a living church,
 But thou art cold and dead.

2 “ Watch, remember, seek and strive ;
 Exert thy former pains ;
 Let thy timely care revive,
 And strengthen what remains ;
 Cleanse thine heart, thy works amend,
 Former times to mind recall,
 Lest my sudden stroke descend,
 And smite thee once for all.

3 “ Yet, I number now in thee,
 A few that are upright ;
 These my father's face shall see,
 And walk with me in white :
 When in judgment I appear,
 They for mine shall be confess'd ;
 Let my faithful servants hear,
 And woe be to the rest.”



A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT AND PRAYER.

1 **T**IME by moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day,
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years :
 Thus another year is flown,
 Now it is no more our own ;
 If it brought or promis'd good,
 Than the years before the flood.

- 2 But (may none of us forget)
 It has left us much in debt;
 Favours from the Lord receiv'd
 Sins that have his spirit griev'd,
 Mark'd by an unerring hand,
 In his book recorded stand;
 Who can tell the vast amount,
 Plac'd to each of our account?
- 3 Happy the believing soul!
 Christ for you has paid the whole;
 While you own the debt is large,
 You may plead a full discharge;
 But poor careless sinner, say,
 What can you to justice pay?
 Tremble, lest when life is past,
 Into prison you be cast.
- 4 Will you still increase the score?
 Still be careless as before;
 Oh, forbid it, gracious Lord,
 Touch their spirits by thy word,
 Now in mercy to them show,
 What a mighty debt they owe!
 And their unbelief subdue,
 Let them find forgiveness too.
- 5 Spar'd to see another year,
 Let thy blessings meet us here;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
 Sun of Righteousness arise!
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes!

Let our pray'r thy bowels move,
Make this year a time of love.



DEATH AND WAR.

- 1 **H**ARK! how time's wide sounding bell
Strikes on each attentive ear!
Tolling loud the solemn knell
Of the late departed year;
Years, like mortals wear away,
Have their birth and dying day;
Youthful spring, and wintry age
Then to others quit the stage.
- 2 Sad experience may relate
What a year the last has been!
Crops of sorrow have been great,
From the fruitful seeds of sin:
Oh! what numbers gay and blithe,
Fell by death's unsparing scythe?
While they thought the world their own,
Suddenly he mow'd them down.
- 3 See how war, with dreadful stride
Marches at the Lord's command;
Spreading desolation wide,
Through a once much favour'd land
War, with hearts and arms of steel,
Preys on thousands at a meal,
Daily drinking human gore,
Still he thirsts and calls for more.

- 4 If the God, whom we provoke,
 Hither should his way direct,
 What a sin avenging stroke
 May a land like this expect !
 They who now securely sleep,
 Quickly then would wake and weep ;
 And too late, would learn to fear,
 When they saw the danger near.
- 5 You are safe who know his love.
 He will all his truth perform ;
 To your souls a refuge prove,
 From the rage of ev'ry storm :
 But we tremble for the youth ;
 Teach them, Lord, thy saving truth,
 Join them to thy faithful few,
 Be to them a refuge too.



PLEADING FOR, AND WITH YOUTH.

- 1 SIN has undone our wretched race,
 But Jesus has restor'd,
 And brought the sinner face to face
 With his forgiving Lord.
- 2 This we repeat from year to year,
 And press upon our youth ;
 Lord give them an attentive ear,
 Lord save them by thy truth.
- 3 Blessings upon the rising race !
 Make this an happy hour,

According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.

- 4 We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would a while ourselves forget,
To pour out pray'r for you.
- 5 We see, though you perceive it not,
The approaching awful doom ;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come !
- 6 Dear Saviour, let this new-born year,
Spread an alarm abroad ;
And cry in ev'ry careless ear,
" Prepare to meet thy God ! "



PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free ;
But, shall these alas ! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign ?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to withhold ;
'Then thy messenger said " No ;
Let the children also go. "

- 2 When the angel of the Lord
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,

Slew with an avenging hand,
 All the first-born of the land :
 Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
 Where the bloody sign was plac'd ;
 Hear us now upon our knees,
 Plead the blood of Christ for these !

- 3 Lord we tremble for we know
 How the fierce malicious foe,
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his sight :
 Spread thy pinions, King of kings !
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings ;
 Lest the rav'nous birds of prey
 Stoop, and bear the brood away.
-

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST

- 1 **T**HY message, by the preacher, seal,
 And let thy pow'r be known ;
 That ev'ry sinner here may feel
 The word is not his own.
- 2 Amongst the foremost of the throng
 Who dar'd thee to thy face,
 He in rebellion stood too long,
 And fought against thy grace.
- 3 But grace prevail'd, he mercy found,
 And now by thee is sent,
 To tell his fellow-rebels round,
 And call them to repent.

- 4 In Jesus, God is reconcil'd,
The worst may be forgiv'n ;
Come, and he'll own you as a child,
And make you heirs of heav'n.
- 5 Oh may the word of gospel truth
Your chief desires engage ;
And Jesus be your guide in youth,
Your joy in hoary age.
- 6 Perhaps the year that's now begun,
May prove to some their last ;
The sands of life may soon be run,
The day of grace be past.
- 7 Think if you flight this embassy,
And will not warning take ;
When Jesus in the clouds you see,
What answer will you make ?



PAUL'S FAREWEL CHARGE.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends
It was a weeping day ;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 Ere long they met again with joy,
(Secure, no more to part)
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet ;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd ;
Will tremble when they meet again,
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall
If any perish here ;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord to save themselves alone.
Is not their utmost view ;
Oh ! hear their pray'r their message own,
And save their hearers too.



PRAISE FOR THE INCARNATION.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high ;"
Lord unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who shall louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou my tongue be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Tho' they worthless are and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, shield and sun,
Shepherd, brother, husband, friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.



THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

1 **T**HE Lord our salvation and light,
The guide and the strength of our days,
Has brought us together to-night,
A new Ebenezer to raise.

The year we have now passed through,
His goodness with blessings has crown'd
Each morning his mercies were new,
Then let our thanksgivings abound.

2 Encompass'd with dangers and snares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints;
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
His hand open'd wide to our wants:

We never besought him in vain,
 When burden'd with sorrow or sin,
 He help'd us again and again,
 Or where before now had we been !

- 3 His gospel throughout the long year,
 From sabbath to sabbath he gave ;
 How oft has he met with us here,
 And shewn himself mighty to save ?

His candlestick has been remov'd
 From churches once privileg'd thus ;
 But though we unworthy have prov'd
 It still is continu'd to us.

- 4 For so many mercies receiv'd,
 Alas ! what returns have we made ?
 His spirit we often have griev'd,
 And evil for good have repaid ;

How well it becomes us to cry,
 " Oh, who is a God like to thee ?
 Who passeth iniquities by,
 And plungest them deep in the sea ? "

- 5 To Jesus who sits on the throne,
 Our best hallelujahs we bring ;
 To thee it is owing alone,
 That we are permitted to sing :

Assist us, we pray, to lament
 The sins of the year that is past ;

And grant that the next may be spent
Far more to thy praise than the last.

THE LORD'S DAY

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the faints when press'd
With six days' noise and care and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world a while.
- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and soften'd be the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 How happy if their lot is cast,
Where the stately gospel sounds!
The world is honey to their taste, [wounds!
Renews their strength, and heals their
- 4 Tho' pinch'd with poverty at home
With sharp affliction daily fed;
It makes amends if they can come
To God's own house for heav'nly bread:
- 5 With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft had met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 6 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours,
May we the privilege improve;

And find these consecrated hours,
Sweet earnest of the joys above!

- 7 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thine hand with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

- 1 SAVIOUR visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord a gracious rain?
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:

Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!

But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?

Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !

Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

- 4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in their bud !

Dearest Saviour hasten hither,
'Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain !

- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'r's ;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares :

Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh :
And begin from this good hour,
'To revive thy work afresh.



CHRIST CRUCIFIED

1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,

Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

- 2 His thorns and nails, pierc'd thro' my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see ! he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood ;
Behold his side and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.



IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

- 1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away !

While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me !

- 2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shews my sin in all its guilt :
Ah, my soul, he bore the load,
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark ! his dying word, “ Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live :
Sinner wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay.”
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal’d ;
And obtain a pardon seal’d,
All my soft affections move,
Waken’d by the force of love.
- 5 Farewel world, thy gold is dross ;
Now I see the bleeding cross ;
Jesus dy’d to set me free
From the law, and sin and thee !
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul,
Lord, accept and claim the whole !
To thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.



LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unaw’d by shame or fear ;

'Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
'Tho' not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."

7 Thus, while his death my sins displays,
In all its blackest hue;
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.

- 3 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.



THE WORD MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword;
 Let the world account me poor;
 Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Tho' it fills, it never cloy;
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind;
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find:
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield:

While the scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.



CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

- 1 **O**H may the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear!
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
The people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd ungrateful spot;

While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone ;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That God has made our cause his own.
- 5 But ah ! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love !
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackest crimes ;
Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord displeas'd has rais'd his rod,
Ah, where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do.
- 8 Lord hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray ;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.



THE HIDING PLACE.

- 1 SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud,
S Hanging o'er a sinful land !

Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
 Times of trouble are at hand;
 Happy they who love his name!
 They shall always find him near;
 Tho' the earth were wrapt in flame,
 They have no just cause for fear.

2 Hark! his voice in accents mild,
 (Oh, how comforting and sweet)
 Speaks to ev'ry humble child,
 Pointing out a sure retreat!
 "Come, and in my chambers hide,
 To my saints of old well known;
 There you safely may abide,
 'Till the storm be overblown.

3 "You have only to repose
 On my wisdom, love and care;
 When my wrath consumes my foes,
 Mercy shall my children spare;
 While they perish in the flood,
 You that bear my holy mark,
 Sprinkled with atoning blood,
 Shall be safe within the ark."

4 Sinners, see the ark prepar'd!
 Haste to enter while there's room;
 Tho' the Lord his arm has bar'd,
 Mercy still retards your doom;
 Seek him while there yet is hope,
 Ere the day of grace be past,

Left in wrath he gives you up,
And this call shall prove your last.



THE TOLLING BELL.

- 1 **O**FT as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below.
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away!
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art forever doom'd to dwell."
- 5 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt I need not fear;

Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

- 7 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n if thou art mine.



THE GREAT TRIBUNAL.

- 1 JOHN, in a vision, saw the day
When the Judge will hasten down;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away
From the terror of his frown;
Dead and living, small and great,
Raised from the earth and sea;
At his bar shall hear their fate,
What will then become of me?
- 2 Can I bear his awful looks?
Shall I stand in judgment then,
When I see the opened books,
Written by the Almighty's pen?
If he to remembrance bring,
And expose to public view,
Ev'ry work and secret thing:
Ah, my soul, what can'st thou do?
- 3 When the list shall be produc'd
Of the talents I enjoy'd:
Means and mercies how abus'd
Time and strength how misemploy'd:

Conscience then compell'd to read,
 Must allow the charge is true :
 Say, my soul, what canst thou plead,
 In that hour, what wilt thou do ?

4 But the book of life I see,
 May my name be written there ;
 Then from guilt and danger free,
 Glad I'll meet him in the air :
 That's the book I hope to plead,
 'Tis the gospel open'd wide ;
 Lord, I am a wretch indeed !
 I have sinn'd, but thou hast dy'd.

5 Now my soul knows what to do ;
 Thus I shall with boldness stand,
 Number'd with the faithful few,
 Own'd and sav'd at thy right hand ;
 If thou help a feeble worm
 To believe thy promise now ;
 Justice will at last confirm
 What thy mercy wrought below.

THUNDER.

1 **W**HEN a black o'erspreading cloud
 Has darken'd all the air ;
 And peals of thunder roaring loud,
 Proclaim the tempest near.

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
 The sinner oft pursue ;

A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.

3 The law a fiery language speaks,
His danger he perceives;
Like Satan who his ruin seeks,
He trembles and believes.

4 But when the sky serene appears,
And thunders roll no more;
He soon forgets his vows and fears,
Just as he did before.

5 But whither shall the sinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,
Shall all dissolve in flame.

6 Amazing day ! it comes apace,
The judge is hast'ning down !
Will sinners bear to see his face,
Or stand before his frown.

7 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each stubborn heart ;
That they may never hear thee say,
“ Ye cursed ones depart.”

8 Believers you may well rejoice !
The thunder's loudest strains,
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you, “ Jesus reigns !”

EXPOSTULATION.

- 1 **N**O words can declare,
 No fancy can paint,
 What rage and despair
 What hopeless complaint,
 Fill Satan's dark dwelling,
 The prison beneath ;
 What weeping and wailing,
 And gnashing of teeth !

- 2 Yet sinners will choose
 This dreadful abode,
 Each madly pursues
 The dangerous road ;
 Though God gives them warning,
 They onward will go,
 They answer with scorning,
 And rush upon woe.

- 3 How sad to behold
 The rich and the poor,
 The young and the old,
 All blindly secure !
 All posting to ruin,
 Refusing to stop ;
 Ah ! think what you're doing,
 While yet there is hope !

- 4 How weak is your hand,
 To fight with the Lord !
 How can you withstand
 The edge of his sword !

What hope of escaping
 For those who oppose,
 When hell is wide gaping
 To swallow his foes!

5 How oft have you dar'd
 The Lord to his face :
 Yet still you are spar'd
 To hear of his grace :
 Oh pray for repentance,
 And life-giving faith ;
 Before the just sentence
 Consign you to death.

6 It is not too late
 To Jesus to flee,
 His mercy is great,
 His pardon is free !
 His blood has such virtue
 For all that believe,
 That nothing can hurt you,
 If him you receive.

ALARM.

1 **S**TOP, poor sinners ! stop and think
 Before you farther go !
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?
 Once again I charge you stop !
 For unless you warning take,

Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day;
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply?

4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know;

Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None who come shall be deny'd,
 He says, " there still is room."



PREPARE TO MEET GOD.

- 1 **S**INNER, are you still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
 See his mighty arm is bar'd !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !
 For his judgment stand prepar'd,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?
 Who his advent may abide ?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapp'd in flame
- 3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd
 Must behold the wrathful eyes
 Of the Judge they once blasphem'd :

Where are now their haughty looks;
 Oh, their horror and despair!
 When they see the open'd books,
 And their dreadful sentence hear.

4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
 Soon we must resign our breath;
 And our souls be call'd to pass
 'Thro' the iron gate of death:
 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice;
 Seek the things that are above
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

5 Oh! when flesh and heart shall fail,
 Let thy love our spirits cheer;
 Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail
 Over Satan, sin and fear;
 Trusting in thy precious name,
 May we thus our journey end:
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,
 And the judge will be our friend.



THE BURDENED SINNER.

1 **A**H, what can I do,
 Or where be secure!
 If justice pursue
 What heart can endure
 The heart breaks asunder,
 Tho' hard as a stone,
 When God speaks in thunder.
 And makes himself known.

2 With terror I read
 My sin's heavy score,
 The numbers exceed
 The sands on the shore ;
 Guilt makes me unable
 To stand or to flee
 So Cain murder'd Abel,
 And trembled like me.

3 Each sin, like his blood,
 With a terrible cry.
 Calls loudly on God
 To strike from on high :
 Nor can my repentance,
 Extorted by fear,
 Reverse the just sentence,
 'Tis just, tho' severe.

4 The case is too plain,
 I have my own choice ;
 Again and again
 I slighted his voice ;
 His warnings neglected,
 His patience abus'd
 His gospel rejected,
 His mercy refus'd.

5 And must I then go,
 For ever to dwell
 In torments and woe
 With devils in hell !
 Oh where is the Saviour

I scorn'd in times past ;
His word in my favour
Would save me at last.

6 Lord Jesus on thee
I venture to call,
O look upon me
The vilest of all;
For whom didst thou languish,
And bleed on the tree ?
O pity my anguish ;
And say, " 'Twas for thee."

7 A case such as mine
Will honour thy pow'r,
And hell will repine,
All heaven adore ;
If in condemnation
Strict justice takes place,
It shines in salvation
More glorious thro' grace.

INVITATION.

1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry ;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.

- 2 Why art thou afraid to come
 And tell him all thy case ?
 He will not pronounce thy doom,
 Nor frown thee from his face :
 Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?
 Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
 Who, to save thy soul from from hell,
 Has shed his precious blood ?
- 3 Think, how on the cross he hung
 Pierced with a thousand wounds,
 Hark, from each as with a tongue,
 The voice of pardon sounds !
 See from all his bursting veins,
 Blood of wond'rous virtue, flow ?
 Shed to wash away thy stains,
 And ransom thee from woe.
- 4 Though his majesty be great
 His mercy is no less ;
 Though he thy transgressions hate,
 He feels for thy distress :
 By himself the Lord has sworn,
 He delights not in thy death,
 But invites thee to return,
 That thou mayest live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
 What throngs his throne surround !
 These, tho' sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found ;
 Yield not then to unbelief !

While he says, " There yet is room ;"
 Tho' of sinners thou art chief,
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

1 **M**Y soul is beset
 With grief and dismay,
 I owe a vast debt
 And nothing can pay :
 I must go to prison,
 Unless that dear Lord,
 Who dy'd and is risen,
 His pity afford.

2 The death that he dy'd,
 The blood that he spilt,
 To sinners apply'd,
 Discharge from all guilt :
 This great intercessor
 Can give if he please,
 The vilest transgressor
 Immediate release.

BEHOLD THE MAN.

1 **Y**E that pass by behold the man,
 The man of grief condemn'd for you ;
 The Lamb of God for sinner's slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue,

- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide ;
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love !
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd when her Creator died ;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified !
- 6 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies ;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And quicken'd by thy death, arise !
- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part ;
Oh rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart.

FORERUNNER AND FOUNDATION OF
OUR HOPE.

- 1 **J**ESUS the Lord, our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete,
Forever undisturb'd his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart,
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd fight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus thy own forerunner see
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.



FOUNTAIN OPENED FOR SINNERS.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,

The blood of our Priest
 Our crucify'd king ;
 The fountain that cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.

- 2 This fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart ;
 When pierc'd by the spear,
 It flow'd from his heart.
 With blood and with water,
 The first to atone,
 To cleanse us the latter ;
 The fountain's but one.

- 3 This fountain from guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure ;
 But if guilt removed,
 Return and remain,
 Its power may be proved
 Again and again.

- 4 This fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all
 Who long to be heal'd
 The great and the small :
 Here's strength for the weakly
 That hither are led ;
 Here's health for the sickly,
 And life for the dead.

5 This fountain tho' rich
 From charge is quite clear,
 The poorer the wretch
 Tho welcomer here :
 Come needy, and guilty,
 Come loathsome, and bare
 Though lep'rous and filthy
 Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd,
 It takes out all stain,
 Whenever apply'd ;
 The fountain flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Though lep'rous as mine.



THE CHRISTIAN'S SPIRITUAL VOYAGE.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep ;
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wife ;
 My compass is thy word :
 My foul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord !

I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye ;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And ev'ry boist'rous storm outide.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest :
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
'Than tempest bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
'To heav'n my destin'd place !
'Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

WORTHY THE LAMB.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
 Let earth and skies reply ;
 Praise ye his name :
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name :
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from Death he won,
 Sing his great name alone ;
 Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name :
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
 Our holy Lord to bless ;
 Praise ye his name ;
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name :
 To him our songs we bring,
 Hail him, our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his dear name :
 To him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty,
 Thro' all eternity :
 Worthy the Lamb.



THE PASTOR'S WISH FOR HIS PEOPLE.

1 **M**Y brethren from my heart belov'd,
 Whose welfare fills my daily care,
 My present joy, my future crown,
 The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock,
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness,
 Adorn the gospel with your lives,
 And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
 When he, descending from the skies,
 Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
 In his all-glorious image rise.

- 4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave :
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your Pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you,
O may he at the Lord's right hand.
Himself and all his people view.
-

PRAISE FOR CONVERSION.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again,
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppress'd my gloomy mind ;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

- 5 At length, to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive sigh,
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.



THE PORTION OF SINNERS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away;
And christians gather'd home!
- 2 The one with Dives for water cry,
And gnaw their tongues in pain,
They gnash their teeth and crisp and fry,
And wring their hands in vain.
- 3 Now hail! all hail! ye frightful ghosts,
With whom I once did dwell,
And spent my days in frantic mirth,
And danc'd my soul to hell!

- 4 You me about the flood did drag,
And caus'd my soul to sin;
And devils now your mouth shall gag,
And force the fuel in.

- 5 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless flames,
With shrieks, and howls and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.

- 6 O father! see my blazing hands,
Mother! behold your child!
Against you now a witness stands
Amidst the flames confin'd!

- 7 The child, perhaps, the parents view,
Go headlong down to hell;
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
And bid the child farewell!

- 8 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries,,
My husband! fare you well!

- 9 But O, perhaps, the wife may see,
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
Whilst she is crown'd above!

- 10 Then shall the saints through grace com-
Drink in eternal love : [bin'd,

In Jesu's image there to shine,
And reign with him above.

- 11 O how it lifts my soul to think,
Of meeting round the throne,
Eternal joys there for to drink,
Where sorrows never come.

LONGING FOR A BOSOM FRIEND.

- 1 **O** That I had a bosom friend,
To tell my secrets to,
On whose advice I might depend
In every thing I do.
- 2 How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me !
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery !
- 3 None lends an ear to my complaint,
Nor minds my cries nor tears :
None comes to cheer me tho' I faint,
Nor my vast burden bears.
- 4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease
And feel no want or woe,
Thro' this vast, howling wilderness,
I full of sorrows go.

- 5 O faithless soul to reason thus,
And murmur without end ?
Did Christ expire upon the cross
And is he not thy friend ?
- 6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,
And think their state so blest ?
How great salvation hast thou seen,
And Jesus is thy rest !
- 7 What can this lower world afford
Compar'd with gospel grace ?
Thy happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his face !
- 8 Can present grief be counted great
Compar'd with future woe ?
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet
Compar'd with endless joys ?
- 9 How soon will God withdraw the scene,
And burn the world he made !
Then woe to carnal sinful men !
My soul lift up thy head.
- 10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Constant and true and good :
He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee safe to God.
- 11 Then why my soul art thou so sad !
When will thy sighs be o'er ?
Rejoice in Jesus and be glad
Rejoice for evermore.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the awful trumpet sounds,
The sleeping dead to raise,
And calls the nations under ground;
O how the saints will praise !
- 2 Behold the Saviour how he comes
Descending from his throne,
To burst afunder all our tombs,
And lead his children home.
- 3 But who can bear that dreadful day,
To see the world in flames;
The burning mountains melt away,
While rocks run down in streams.
- 4 The falling stars their orbits leave,
The sun in darkness hide;
The elements afunder cleave,
The moon turn'd into blood.
- 5 Behold the universal world
In consternation stand,
The wicked into hell are turn'd,
The saints at God's right hand.
- 6 O then the music will begin,
Their Saviour God to praise :
They are all freed from every sin,
And thus they'll spend their days :

CHRIST OUR ADVOCATE.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my troubled weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee my God.
- 2 I am safe and I am happy
While in thy dear arms I lie :
Sin nor Satan cannot harm me
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 3 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Who of comfort is bereaved,
Jesus never casts behind.
- 5 Now our advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God :
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
- 6 Now methinks I hear him praying
"Father spare them, I have dy'd :"
And the Father answers, saying,
"They are freely justify'd."

PARTING FOR HEAVEN.

- 1 **T**HE time draws nigh when you and I
 Are to be separated ;
 But this doth grieve our hearts to leave
 Each other to be parted ;
 But let us see eternity,
 And meet the saints with joy,
 Our fightings o'er we'll part no more,
 But reign, with Christ, in glory.

- 2 When christians join, it is most fine
 For to adore their Saviour ;
 High they can raise their songs of praise,
 And follow him for ever ;
 But when they part it grieves their hearts,
 They here are so united :
 They fain would be in company
 Always, they're so delighted.

- 3 Well, brethren dear, don't let us fear,
 We soon shall live together ;
 When Christ descends to call his friends
 We then shall meet each other.
 Then to sit down, around the throne
 With saints and lovely Jesus,
 Eternal love, we'll sing above,
 And nothing then will grieve us.

- 4 The Lamb appears to wipe our tears,
 And to complete our glory ;
 Then shall we rest with all the blest,
 And tell the lovely story ;

To fit and tell, "Christ lov'd us well,
And that while we were sinners."
Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,
"Glory to the Redeemer."

PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

- 1 **B**RETHHEREN farewell, I do you tell
That you and I must part:
I go away, and here you stay;
But still we join in heart.
- 2 Your love to me, has run most free,
Your conversation sweet,
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet?
- 3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready for to go.
- 4 I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save, from death and grave,
And shield you from all harms.
- 5 I trust you'll pray both night and day
(And keep your garments white)
For you and me—that we may be
The children of the light.

- 6 If you die first, amen, you must,
The will of God be done ;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.
- 7 If I'm call'd home, whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me ;
I hope to sing and praise my king,
Through all eternity.
- 8 Millions of years over the spheres,
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauties, bright unto my sight,
Their sacred sweets disclose.
- 9 I long to go—then fare ye well,
My soul will be at rest :
No more shall I complain, or sigh,
But taste the heav'nly feast.
- 10 O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell ;
And serve the Lord with one accord,
So bretheren all, farewell.



DELIGHTING IN THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

- 1 **L**ORD ! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

- 2 Yet Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy precious presence still
With ev'ry one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.
- 4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought that we should part,
Once intercept our joys.
- 5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- 6 And thus, through all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great, mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.



BLESSED STATE OF THE DEAD

- 1 **O** BLESSED estate of the dead —
The dead that have died in the Lord !
From trouble and misery freed,
And sure of their endless reward :

By sorrow no longer oppress'd
 When join'd to the spirits above!
 With Jesus in glory they rest,
 They rest in the arms of his love.

2 O! when will the Saviour extend
 The arms of his mercy to me?
 The days of my pilgrimage end,
 My soul from its prison set free?
 When will the dear moment arrive
 Which often I've pin'd for in vain?
 And still I would die to revive,
 And suffer with Jesus to reign.

3 Ah! give me to bow my faint head.
 My sorrowful soul to resign,
 From pain everlastingly freed,
 To rest in thy bosom divine.
 My Saviour why dost thou delay,
 To call a poor wanderer home?
 Come quickly, and bear me away
 The bride and the spirit say "Come."



MY GOD, MY HEAVEN, MY ALL.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.



REDEMPTION THROUGH CHRIST.

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 [Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell:
That rose, and at his chariot wheels,
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.

3 [Jesus, our God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down,
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!

And oh ! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear.

5 “ For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I dy'd ;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side !

6 “ These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.

7 “ Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart ;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

8 “ When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

“ But, while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,
I ruin'd Satan's throne.
High on my cross I hung and spy'd
The monster tumbling down.

10 “ Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh, my blood,
And live eternal ages blest,
For 'tis immortal food.”

11 [Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs

JUSTICE.

1 CURST be the man, for ever curst;
Who doth his God forsake—
“Death and damnation is but just,
Without relief, and infinite.”

2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder and fire, and vengeance flings
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary say gentler things.

3 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
And life and joys, and crowns above,
Dear purchase of a bleeding God.

4 Hark—how he prays! the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips, “Forgive.”
And ev'ry groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, “Father, let the rebels live!”

- 5 Go you that rest upon the law,
 And toil, and seek salvation there,
 Look to the flames which Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie,
 And the keen sword that justice draws
 Flaming and red shall pass me by.



REDEEMING LOVE.

- 1 **N**OW begins the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
 Ye who Jesu's goodness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 While to Canaan on ye move,
 Bless and praise redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas, who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to a sacred rest;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foe and ours,
 To their curst empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string;
 Mortals join the hosts above;
 Join to praise redeeming love.



PARTING FOR ETERNITY.

1 **A** SOLEMN march we make,
 Towards the silent grave,
 A lodging all must quickly take,
 And carnal pleasures leave.

2 O what a striking scene,
 In this cold grave appears,
 A mortal turn'd to dust again,
 Quite spun out all his years.

3 And we who now attend,
 Must soon resign our breath,
 God will the solemn summons send,
 By dreadful ghastly death.

- 4 If myself the next should be,
That crumble with the dust ;
My soul—what then becomes of thee ?
Hast thou a lot with Christ ?
- 5 Since I attended here,
My moments swiftly glide,
And death upon their wings they bear
A quick perpetual tide.
- 6 Now let me home return,
And strive my soul to save ;
Lest I in hell should ever burn,
And, with the damned rave.
- 7 Jesus, despised friend,
I'll slight thy love no more ;
Dear Saviour now that spirit send,
Which I so griev'd before.
- 8 Then I'll prepare to meet,
My Jesus at his bar,
For ever worship at his feet,
And sing his praises there,
-

FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF CHRIST.

- 1 **O** DON'T you hear the alarm,
Hark—how the trumpet sounds,
It is the Lord of glory,
That gives the gospel bounds,

- 2 Come and accept his offer,
Before it is too late,
For Jesus is a calling
Before he shuts the gate.
- 3 Come, let us go together,
And lift into his band,
For Jesus is our captain,
He's bounty in his hand.
- 4 The trumpet is a sounding,
It's for more volunteers,
Come like a valiant soldier,
And cast away your fears.
- 5 Come who will lift with Jesus,
A soldier for to make,
And like a faithful subject,
His armour on you take.
- 6 He's food and raiment plenty,
Enough—and for to spare,
All things he has provided,
That you have need to wear.
- 7 Then let us well remember,
How Israel was freed,
When from the hand of Pharaoh,
By Moses they were led.
- 8 The pillar went before them,
And Moses with his rod.

No doubt we shall win the day ;
If we but trust in God.

9 Our enemies are many,
On every side they stand.
Then let us go together,
With weapons in our hand.

10 Let us begin the battle,
Like David with his sling—
Fight with courage stout and bold,
For Jesus Christ our King.

11 Then, when the war is ended,
We'll lay our weapons by,
And fly aloft to Jesus,
To reign above the sky.

12 In peace we'll wear the laurel,
When our foes are slain,
We'll take the large possession,
Where peace for ever reigns.



LAMENTING THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

1 **W**AKE up my muse, condole the loss
Of those that mourn this day ;
Let tears distil on every face,
And every mourner pray.

2 The tyrant, Death came rushing in,
Last night his power did shew ;

Out of this world this child did take,
Death laid its visage low.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen
To please its parent's eye ;
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain,
The cistern-wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.

5 The winding-sheet doth bind its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast,
To-day it's seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last.

6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small,
And you and I before him stand,
And at his presence fall.

1000



JESUS, THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

1 **L**ISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been,
Press'd to obey the devil;
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens and strews with flow'rs the way
Down to eternal run.

- 2 Who on the part of God will rise ?
Innocent mirth recover ?
Fly on the prey and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover ?
Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
Ev'ry melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Revive the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come let us try if Jesu's love
Cannot as well inspire us ;
This is the theme of them above,
This upon earth will fire us :
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing ;
Is there a subject greater ?
Melody all its strains may bring,
Jesus's love is sweeter.
- 4 Jesus the soul of music is,
He is the noblest passion ;
Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation ;
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Shew us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And carry us up to heaven.
- 5 Who hath a right like us to sing
Us who his mercy raises ?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,

He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry;
Let him sing psalms, the spirit faith,
Joyful and ne'er be weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship and thanks and blessing.

7 Come let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory aspire to love divine,
Worship and adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer:
Only believe, and then sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.



JESUS PLEADING FOR SINNERS.

I **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven is interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinners can you hate that Saviour,
Can you thrust him from your arms?
Here he dy'd for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shews his wounded hands and feet—
“ Father save them tho’ they’re blood-red,
Raife them to an heavenly feat.”

Sinners, &c.

- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your base behaviour,
Now return, repent, and pray.

Sinners, &c.

- 4 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid your Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and love, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Sinners, &c.

- 5 Now he’s waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around, on you and me.

Sinners, &c.

- 6 Come! for all things now are ready—
Yet there’s room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to grace’s boundless store.

Sinners, &c.

THE DYING SINNER.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay,
 Till like a flood, with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Among abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood,
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God,
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
 And well insur'd his love.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
 The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,
 That bears the fruits of righteousness,
 And kept by Jesu's power,
 Their trespasses are all forgiv'n,
 They antedate the joys of heav'n ;
 In rapturous lays
 Shout the praise
 Of Jesu's grace,
 To a lost race
 Of sinners, brought to happiness
 'Through the atoning blood of Jesus.

2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
 And all the powers of earth besiege ;
 Their united strength at once engage
 To pluck a soul from Jesus :
 The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
 He's heaven-bound, he's heaven-born,
 He'll watch and pray,
 Night and day,
 Fight his way,
 Win the day,
 And all his enemies dismay,
 Thro' the mighty name of Jesus.

5 O monster, Death, thy sting is drawn,
 O, boasting Grave, no trophies won ;
 The saint triumphs thro' grace alone,
 To praise the name of Jesus.

At length he bids the world adieu,
With all its vanity and shew—

The soul it flies,
Thro' the skies,
To Paradise,
And joins its voice,

In rapturous lays of love, to praise
The glorious name of Jesus.

- 4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And swears that time is at an end,
Ye dead arise to judgment.

See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
The earth wrapt like a parchment scroll :

Comets blaze,
Sinners raise,
Dread amaze,
And horrors seize

The guilty fons of Adam's race,
Unfav'd from sin by Jesus.

- 3 The christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
To meet his Saviour in the sky,
And see the face of Jesus.

Then soul and body reunite,
And fill'd with glory infinite :

Blessed day,
Christians say,
Will you pray,
That we may

All join that happy company,
To praise the name of Jesus.



THE GOSPEL JUBILEE.

- 1 **H**AIL the gospel jubilee,
Jesus comes to set us free,
Who for us shed his precious blood,
To raise our fallen souls to God :
And since the work of suffering's done,
We'll glory give to God alone.
Free salvation be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let our praises reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be,
In the bonds of charity :
As a band of brothers join'd,
Loving God and all mankind.

- 2 Rise ye heralds of the Lord,
Take the breast-plate, shield and sword,
Against the hosts of hell proclaim
A war in Christ's all conquering name,
Nor fear to gain the victory
When for this glorious liberty,
You on Jesus Christ depend—
He'll the suffering cause defend :
Place, oh place in him your trust,
He's almighty wise and just.

CHORUS.

Firm united brethren stand,
 Firm an undivided band—
 Brethren dear in Jesus join'd,
 Fill'd with all his constant mind.

- 3 Sound—the gospel trumpet sound;
 Through the earth's remotest bound;
 Let Jesus's name, with loud applause,
 Ring thro' the world his righteous laws—
 He gives, and rules in mercy mild,
 Believe, and be ye reconcil'd
 To a God of truth and love,
 Sending blessings from above—
 Now is the accepted time,
 Listen every joyful clime.

CHORUS.

Hail—the gospel jubilee,
 Jesus comes to set us free
 He is come no more to bleed—
 Free we then shall be indeed.

- 4 Now the sovereign of the sky
 Comes, the troops of hell must fly:
 He is the rock of ages sure,
 And all who to the end endure,
 A glorious crown of righteousness
 Shall wear in realms of endless bliss.
 There with blood-wash'd throngs above,
 Wondering at redeeming love;
 Evermore will shout and sing;
 Heaven's palace loud shall ring.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us go,
On in Jesu's steps below,
As a band of brothers join'd,
And eternal glory find.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away ;
What is this absorbs me quite !
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds saraphic ring——
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting !

THE GLORY OF JESUS.

1 **B**URST ye em'rald gates and bring
To my raptur'd vision,

All the extatic joys, that spring
 Round the bright elisian ;
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break ye intervening skies ;
 Sons of righteousness arise,
 Ope the gates of Paradise !

- 2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Angelic trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
 All the music of his name ;
 Heaven echoing the theme.

- 3 Four and twenty elders rise,
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! holy ! holy one.

- 4 Hark—the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem, methinks to seize us—
 Join we too the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in Seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HAPPINESS THROUGH CHRIST.

- 1 **T**HE trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.
- 2 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.
- 3 Their anguish and smart,
And sorrow depart
Who find this salvation inscrib'd on their heart.
- 4 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound, [found,
And they that have found it have Paradise
- 5 Our Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 6 This blessing be mine
Through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer! the glory be thine.

LO! HE COMETH!

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow, to raise the sleeping dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Thro' th' eternal deep resounds;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds:
 They who pierc'd him
 Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear:
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear.
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 " Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into life and joy;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise be your employ.
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing.
 Hallelujah,
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

1 **I**N what confusion earth appears!
 God's dearest children bath'd in tears;

While they, who heav'n itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
'That end, how different, who can tell?
The wide extremes of heaven and hell.

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the faint so poor below
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abra'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servant's fare;
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.



THE EFFORT—IN ANOTHER MEASURE.

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;

Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place!
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast dy'd.
- 5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.



WELCOME CROSS.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choak the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil;
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear,
I should prove a cast-away:
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.



WHY SHOULD I COMPLAIN.

1 **W**HEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
How quickly my sorrows depart!
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart;
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
While my Shepherd his power controuls
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But alas! what a change do I find, [sight?
When my Shepherd withdraws from my
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night.

Then Satan his efforts renews,
 To vex and ensnare me again ;
 All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
 And can only lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass thro'
 I am taught my own weakness to know ;
 I am taught what my Shepherd can do.
 And how much to his mercy I owe :
 It is he that supports me thro' all,
 When I faint, he revives me again ;
 He attends to my pray'r when I call,
 And bids me no longer complain.

4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve,
 Since my Shepherd is always the same,
 And has promis'd he never will leave
 The soul that confides in his name :
 To relieve me from all that I fear,
 He was buffeted, tempted, and slain ;
 And at length he will surely appear,
 Tho' he leaves me a while to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
 Can I hope to be always in peace ?
 'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
 And that shortly this warfare will cease ;
 For ere long he will bid me remove
 From this region of sorrow and pain,
 To abide in his presence above,
 And then I no more shall complain,

I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID,

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By pray'r let me wrestle,
And he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

- 2 Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Shall surely prevail.

- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite thro'.

- 4 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;

And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me,
 To put me to shame ?

5 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ?
 He told me no less ;
 The heirs of salvation,
 I knew from his word,
 Through much tribulation,
 Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter the cup,
 No heart can conceive,
 Which he drunk quite up,
 That sinners might live !
 His way was much rougher,
 And darker than mine ;
 Did Jesus thus suffer,
 And shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The med'cine is food ;
 Tho' painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, oh how pleasant,
 The conqueror's song !

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

- 1 THE voice of Free Grace, cries escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a
fountain
For sin and transgression, and every pollution,
His blood flows most freely in plenteous re-
demption.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who purchas'd
our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.

- 2 That fountain so clear, in which all may find
pardon,
From Jesus's side flows plenteous redemption;
Though your sins were increas'd as high as a
mountain,
His blood it flows freely in streams of salva-
tion.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

- 3 O! Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us
victorious :
Thy name shall be praised in the great con-
gregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation,
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the
 blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands we'll praise him
 evermore;
 We'll range the blest fields on the bank of the
 river,
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
-

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The christian while he sings;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing on his wings;
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he can bear us thro'
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too:

Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

- 4 The vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Tho' all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.
-

HEAR WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR MY SOUL !

- I SAV'D by blood I live to tell,
 What the love of Christ has done ;
 He redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Of a rebel made a son :
 Oh ! I tremble still to think
 How secure I liv'd in sin ;
 Sporting on destruction's brink,
 Yet preserv'd from falling in.
- 2 In his own appointed hour,
 To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
 Touch'd me by his spirit's pow'r,
 And my dang'rous slumber broke ;
 Then I saw and own'd my guilt :
 Soon my gracious Lord reply'd—
 " Fear not. I my blood have spilt,
 'Twas for such as thee I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possess'd my heart ;
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,
 After acting such a part ?
 " Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
 But I freely all forgive ;
 I myself thy debt have paid,
 Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
 Jesu's heart is full of love ;
 Oh, that you, as well as I,
 May his wond'rous mercy prove !
 He has sent me to declare,
 All is ready, all is free :
 Why should any soul despair,
 When he sav'd a wretch like me.



HUMILIATION AND PRAISE.

(Imitated from the German.)

1 **W**HEN the wounded spirit hears
 The voice of Jesu's blood ;
 How the message stops the tears
 Which else in vain had flow'd :
 Pardon, grace, and peace proclaim'd,
 And the sinner call'd a child ;
 Then the stubborn heart is tam'd ;
 Renew'd and reconcil'd.

2 Oh ! 'twas grace indeed, to spare
 And save a wretch like me !
 Men or angels could not bear
 What I have offer'd thee :
 Were thy bolts at their command,
 Hell, ere now, had been my place ;
 Thou alone should silent stand,
 And wait to shew thy grace.

3 If in one created mind
 The tendernefs and love
 Of thy faints on earth were join'd,
 With all the hosts above ;
 Still that love were weak and poor,
 If compar'd, my Lord, with thine ;
 Far too scanty to endure
 A heart so vile as mine.

4 Wond'rous mercy I have found,
 But ah ! how faint my praise !
 Must I be a cumber-ground,
 Unfruitful all my days ?
 Do I in thy garden grow,
 Yet produce thee only leaves ?
 Lord, forbid it should be so !
 The thought my spirit grieves.

5 Heavy charges Satan brings,
 'To fill me with distress ;
 Let me hide beneath thy wings,
 And plead thy righteousness :
 Lord to thee for help I call,
 'Tis thy promise bids me come ;
 Tell him thou hast paid for all,
 And thou shalt strike him dumb.

THE HAPPY DEBTOR.

- 1 **T**EN thousand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay ;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away,
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score ;
Much more indebted I have been
Than ere I was before.
- 3 My guilt is cancell'd quite I know,
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe,
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heaven,
No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine ! thou sinner's Friend
Witness thy bleeding heart !
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain ;
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

- 7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be
 (Let who will boast their store)
 In time, and to eternity,
 To owe thee more and more,
-

PRAISE FOR REDEEMING LOVE.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,
 Let us praise the Saviour's name!
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Pity'd us when enemies;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation
 Threatens hard to bear us down!
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us wonder, grace and justice,
 Join and point to mercy's store;
 When thro' grace, in Christ our trust is,
 Justice smiles and asks no more.

He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

- 5 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints, enthron'd on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God?"
- 6 Hark! the name of Jesus founded
Loud, from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.



I WILL PRAISE THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.

- 1 **W**INTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song,
Seems to speak his dying groans!
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

- 4 What, is autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day,
Tell me of his smiling face;
- 5 Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.
- 6 Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest,



PERSEVERANCE.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes our case his own;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

- 4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near !
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you ;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.



SALVATION.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! what a glorious plan;
How suited to our need !
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict Justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd ;
And truth and power undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Love,
In all their glory shone ;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.

5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Love,
 Are equally display'd;
 Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
 Our advocate and head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
 Most hateful and abhor'd;
 And yet the sinner lives by faith,
 And dares approach the Lord.



PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 **P**REPARE a thankful song,
 To the Redeemer's name!
 His praises should employ each tongue,
 And every heart enflame!

2 He laid his glory by,
 And dreadful pains endur'd:
 That rebels, such as you and I,
 From wrath might be secur'd.

3 Upon the cross he died,
 Our debt of sin to pay,
 The blood and water from his side
 Wash'd guilt and filth away.

4 And now he pleading stands
 For us before the throne;
 And answers all the law's demands,
 With what himself hath done.

- 5 He sees us, willing slaves
To sin, and Satan's pow'r :
But with an outstretch'd arm he saves,
In his appointed hour.
- 6 The holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.
- 7 The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face.
- 8 The world and Satan rage,
But he their pow'r controuls;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our souls.
- 9 Tho' press'd we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length,
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.
- 10 Assur'd that Christ our King,
Will put our foes to flight;
We, on the field of battle sing,
And triumph, while we fight.

THE HEART HEALED BY MERCY.

- 1 **S**IN enslav'd me many years,
 And led me bound and blind,
 'Till at length a thousand fears
 Came swarming o'er my mind ;
 Where I laid in deep distress,
 Will these sinful pleasures end ?
 How shall I secure my peace,
 And make the Lord my friend ?
- 2 Friends and ministers said much,
 The gospel to enforce ;
 But my blindness still was such,
 I chose a legal course ;
 Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
 Scarce would show my face abroad,
 Fear'd, almost, to speak or move,
 A stranger still to God.
- 3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
 Long time did I rebel ;
 'Till despairing of my case,
 Down at his feet I fell :
 Then my stubborn heart he broke,
 And subdu'd me to his sway
 By a simple word he spoke,
 " Thy sins are done away."
-

MAN BY NATURE, GRACE AND GLORY.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man ? Extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join !

The flesh to worms and dust allied
The soul, immortal and divine !

2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
Kindled by the Almighty's breath ;
'Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

3 But Jesus, oh ! amazing grace !
Assum'd our nature as his own ;
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ;
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.

5 And what in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be ?
With honour, holiness and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise ;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.



THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

1 COME all ye weary travellers,
Come let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ our king ;

We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome, 'tis true,
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through

2 At first when Jesus found us,
 He call'd us unto him,
 And pointed out the dangers
 Of falling into sin;
 The world, the flesh, and Satan
 Will prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we do reject them
 By faith and humble pray'r.

3 But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess,
 We have had long to wander
 Thro' this dark wilderness,
 Where we might long have fainted
 On that enchanted ground
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy, and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And love and strength increase.
 To confess our Lord and Master
 And run at his command,
 We hasten on our journey,
 Home to the promis'd land.

- 5 In faith, and hope and patience,
We're made now to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people
For ever are our choice;
In peace and consolation
We now are going on,
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.
- 6 Sinners, why stand you idle,
While we do march along?
Has conscience never told you
That you were doing wrong?
Down the broad road to darkness,
To bear an endless curse,
Forfake your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.
- 7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell;
We're on the road to Canaan,
And you the road to hell;
We're sorry thus to leave you,
Had rather you would go;
Come try your bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.
- 8 Repent, and be converted
Before it is too late;
O! sinners be alarmed
To hear your dismal state;

Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word,
And never rest contented
'Till you have found the Lord.

6 Now to the King immortal,
Give everlasting praise,
All in his holy service
We wish to spend our days:
'Till we arrive at Canaan,
That happy world above,
In everlasting praises,
To sing redeeming love.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

1 **T**HE reason we love friendship
We will deny to no man,
How shall, how shall, how shall we
Who are thus form'd for happiness,
E'er flight a loving christian;
Since Jesus, Jesus hath dy'd on the tree,
To rescue sinful men
From violence and treason,
That we might love each other,
And seek our soul's salvation:
'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God
For to redeem the nations,
That happy, happy we might be.

2 On the feast day of antient times,
Jesus stood thus crying
Whoso thirsteth let ev'ry one
Come unto me and freely drink,

And thus be sav'd from dying,
 For surely, surely, there's nothing else can
 Quench the immortal flame
 That in your heart is glowing.
 Then come and taste the streams of grace
 Which are so freely flowing,
 Saying, drink my love, my only dove,
 For you they now are flowing,
 Then happy, happy you shall be.

3. Let us who have begun to taste
 The sweets of this salvation,
 Follow, follow, let us follow on,
 Believing we shall overcome,
 Resisting all temptation,
 Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the Son,
 With out-stretch'd arms expanded,
 And voice that's so inviting,
 To purling streams of purest joys
 Is thus our souls exciting:
 Let us impart to him our heart,
 By faith and love uniting;
 Then happy, happy we shall be.



Friendship and Love.—Part II.

1. **T**HE sacred ties of friendship
 Unite all loving christians,
 In glory, in glory they shall live;
 No time or place shall change them,
 And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
 United, united are they that believe,

When Gabriel's trumpet founding,
 And conquer'd death resigning.
 The scatter'd dust uniting,
 The soul and body joining,
 All join the great procession,
 And glory realizing,
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
 The friends of Jesus shouting ;
 Such raptures, raptures flow from his word?
 The angels join in concert,
 While Jesus stands inviting,
 Come, come on ye blessed of the Lord,
 Behold the crowns of glory
 And saints and angels meeting,
 And living streams of purest joys
 For ever are increasing ;
 In azure fields for ever range ;
 And view a smiling Jesus.
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

3 The sinner's now lamenting,
 He sees the grand procession
 A marching, marching to the dazzling
 [throne ;
 His frightful soul alarmed,
 With startled eyes amazed,
 Farewell, farewell, I am for ever gone ;
 Behold a godly father !
 And there a pious mother—
 How did they pray together,

They float on streams of pleasure !
 And I am lost for ever,
 On waves of endless sorrow,
 Then torment, torment is for ever mine.

JUDGMENT.

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! the trumpet sound
 And loudly rend the vast profound;
 Earth, sea, and sky astonish'd shake:
 To judgment come—ye dead awake!
- 2 Behold, behold what myriads rise!
 See! see what glory fills the skies:
 The dreadful volumes open shine;
 O! mercy, Lord—for mercy's thine.
- 3 The hour, the awful hour is come,
 Fix'd, ever fix'd is human doom;
 The earth dissolves, heav'n melts away:
 O shield me, Saviour, in that day.
- 4 Lo! he ascends, to heaven ascends,
 With his triumphant right-hand friends:
 Time, death, and hell, expiring lye,
 And goodness fills eternity.
- 5 The Father bless—the Son adore,
 The Spirit praise for evermore:
 Salvation's glorious work is done:
 We welcome thee, great Three One.

SHOUTING GOD'S PRAISE.

- 1 **O** God my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice :
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring :
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.
- 2 O ! Jesus, hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy humble home ;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise ;
I want to pray, and never cease,
And live rejoicing in thy peace,
And to give thanks in ev'ry thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
- 3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death :
Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb,
And as you march the solemn road,
Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,
Will sing and shout the God we love,

Until that great and awful day,
 When Christ shall call our slumb'ring clay ;
 'Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout "O Death where is thy sting?
 "O Grave where is thy victory?"
 We'll shout to all eternity.

- 5 Our race is run we've gain'd the prize,
 "Well done!" the sovereign of the skies
 Will smiling to his children say,
 "Come reign with me in endless day;"
 Then on that happy, happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout, for evermore;
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
 And make all heav'n with praises ring.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

- 1 **T**HY daily mercies, oh my God,
 My waking thoughts employ;
 And while I meditate on thee,
 My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
 Soft slumbers to my eyes;
 Thy goodness is again renew'd,
 When in the morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the bus'ness of the day,
 Thine arm doth me uphold;
 Amidst the terrors of the night,
 Thy presence makes me bold.

- 4 Whether in sickness or in health,
 I hy grace doth me sustain;
 Let me, oh Lord, thy favour have,
 And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
 The pow'rs of rich or great;
 Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
 Nor envy all their state.
- 6 Although the fig tree blossom not,
 Nor vineyard yield increase,
 In thee, my Saviour, and my God,
 To joy I will not cease.
- 7 Although the world by storms be tofs'd,
 And crumble into dust;
 Yet still in thee, my only hope,
 I will securely trust.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 1 **C**OME and taste along with me,
 Consolation running free,
 From our Father's wealthy throne,
 Sweeter than the honey-comb.
- 2 Why should christians feast alone,
 Two are better far than one;
 The more that come with free good will,
 Make the banquet sweeter still.

- 3 Now I go to heav'n's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Goodness running like a stream,
Thro' the new Jerufalem ;
And by constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Now my body doth its best,
For to keep me back from Christ ?
I've a treasure coming in,
Which is opposite to sin.
- 6 Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the force of grace,
Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.
- 7 Saints in glory singing loud
In the praises of their God,
Now come in at Heav'n's door,
Making still the number more.
- 8 Heav'n's here and Heav'n's there,
Comfort flowing every where,
This I boldly do confess,
That my soul has got a taste.
- 9 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume,

Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the feat of God.

- 10 O return ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face;
Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

ZION'S TRAVELLERS.

- 1 **T**ELL us, O women, we would know
Whither so fast ye move?
We, call'd to leave this world below,
Are seeking one above.
- 2 Whence came ye, say, and what the place
That ye are trav'ling from?
From tribulation, we, thro' grace,
Are now returning home.
- 3 Is not your native dwelling here,
Like you not this abode?
We seek a better country far,
A city built by God.
- 4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest:
Nor we, 'till in the sinner's friend,
Our wearied souls are blest.

CHORUS.

- 5 Friends of the bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour we ask no more:
Hail Lamb of God for sinners slain
Whom Heav'n and earth adore.

TRIUMPHANT.

- 1 **C**OME angels seize your harps of gold,
 The song of love to man unfold ;
 Assist our joys exalt your praise,
 Another sinner sav'd by grace.
 Glory, glory let us sing,
 While heav'n and earth with glory ring,
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

- 2 A leper wash'd from ev'ry stain,
 Requires a higher, louder strain :
 The spirit's stamp'd and seal'd within,
 The blood of Christ hath cleans'd from sin !
 Satan feels his pow'r is gone,
 He falls like lightning from his throne.
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

- 3 Come let us sing, and pray and praise,
 For soon this waring strife shall cease ;
 When lost in love, o'erwhelm'd with God.
 With Christ we take our blest abode :
 Hark ! the trumpet speaks him nigh,
 Hark ! hark ! he comes, while myriads cry
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God !

- 4 We, little flock, by all condemn'd,
 O'erlook'd, unknown, despis'd condemn'd,
 With names traduc'd and lives abhor'd,
 We suffer with our murder'd Lord,
 If the flames, ascend the higher,
 We'll sing triumphant in the fire,
 Hosannah to the Lamb of God.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 **T**HE night draws on, I must away,
 With hallelujahs close the day;
 The sun sets in the western skies,
 I never more may see him rise.
- 2 Arch angels chaunt your anthems high,
 While on my grave-like bed I lie;
 Your purple pinions spread around,
 And let my sleep be sweet and sound.
- 3 And if I wake before the light,
 Clad in the mansions of the night,
 I'll think the last great day is near,
 The trumpet sounds, and all appear.
- 4 Ye sons of men no longer dream;
 Your life is like the rolling stream,
 Like yesterday 'tis past and gone;
 Prepare to meet the great Three One.



ON THE MILLENIUM.

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall shine;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun
 The north and south their suns resign,
 And earth's foundation bend;
 Christ, like a comely bride adorn'd,
 All-glorious shall descend.

- 2 The king that wears the glorious crown,
 The azure flaming bow,
 That holy city shall bring down,
 To bless his saints below.
 When Zion's bleeding conqu'ring king
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars together sing,
 And Zion shouts for joy.
- 3 The holy bright musician band,
 Who play on harps of gold,
 In holy order see they stand,
 Fair Salem to behold.
 Ascending on such melting strains,
 Jehovah's name they bear,
 Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains
 Were never heard before.
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his reigning long,
 The saints, tho' feeble weak and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's strong,
 He is their shield and hiding place,
 A covert from the wind,
 A fountain in the wilderness,
 Throughout the weary land.
- 5 The chrystal streams run down from heav'n
 They issue from the throne,
 The floods of strife away are driv'n
 The church becomes but one.

That peaceful union we shall know,
 And live upon his love,
 And shout and sing of grace below,
 As angels do above.

- 6 A thousand years shall roll around,
 The church shall be complete,
 Call'd by the glorious trumpet sound,
 Their Saviour Christ to meet,
 They rise with joy, and mount on high,
 They fly to Jesus' arms,
 And gaze with wonder and delight,
 On their beloved's charms,
- 7 Like apples fair his beauties are,
 To feed and cheer the mind,
 No earthly fruit can so recruit,
 Nor flaggons full of wine.
 Their troubles o'er, they grieve no more,
 But sing in strains of joy,
 In raptures sweet, and bliss complete,
 They feast and never cloy.



CHRIST THE APPLE TREE.

- 1 **T**HE tree of life my soul hath seen,
 Laden with fruit and always green,
 The trees of nature fruitless be,
 Compar'd with Christ, the apple tree.
- 2 His beauty doth all things excel,
 By faith I know, but ne'er can tell

The glory which I now do see,
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

3 'Tis happiness which I have fought;
And pleasure dearly have I bought;
I've miss'd of all, but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

4 I'm weary of my former toil,
Here I will sit and rest a while,
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away;
Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ the apple tree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like holy wine:
And now the fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ, the apple tree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive
And keeps my dying faith alive;
It makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ, the apple tree.



SALVATION TO OUR KING.

1 COME all ye mourning pilgrims now,
The joyful news I'll tell,

The Lord hath sent salvation down,
 To save our souls from hell.
 The angels brought the tidings down,
 To shepherds in the field,
 That God to men is reconcil'd,
 His Son to men reveal'd.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour to the Lord,
 Salvation to our King,
 Let all that's wash'd in Jesus' blood,
 His glorious praises sing.

- 2 Come all ye poor despis'd souls,
 Unto his fold repair,
 Where God his boundless love unfolds,
 And says he'll meet you there.
 His glorious presence fills our souls,
 With songs of loudest praise,
 Let all that want a Saviour dear,
 Their hearts and voices raise.

Sing glory, honour, &c.

- 3 There's glory, glory in my soul,
 It came from heav'n above,
 Which makes me praise my God so bold,
 And his dear children love.
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well,
 Because his precious blood was spilt
 To save my soul from hell.

Sing glory, honour, &c.

- 4 When weeping Mary came to seek
 Her Lord with a perfume,
 The wrapper and the sheet she found
 Together in the tomb
 The angel said he is not here,
 He's risen from the dead;
 And streams of grace to sinners flow,
 As free as did his blood.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour to my God,
 He's now upon his throne,
 And bringing foreign strangers home,
 And claims them for his own.

CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN.

- 1 **I**N the house of king David a fountain did
 spring,
 For sin and uncleanness from Jesus our King;
 This fountain flows sweetly whenever applied,
 It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he
 died.
- 2 Come all ye that have bath'd in the fountain
 of love,
 And have wish'd that great burden of guilt to
 remove:
 Let's join to praise Jesus as long as we've
 breath,
 And after we are laid in the dust of the earth.

- 3 There we shall sleep but not always remain,
We look for the coming of Jesus again ;
When awak'd by the trumpet we lay by our
 shrouds,
And arise to meet Jesus our Lord in the
 clouds.
- 4 How we shall be fashioned he does not de-
 clare,
But we shall be like him when he doth ap-
 pear ;
And that happy moment I'm longing to see,
When I shall be perfectly happy in thee.
- 5 Lord Jesus, I love thee, thou knowest full
 well,
Assist me to conquer the powers of hell ;
'Tho' Satan he rages and frightens me too,
Lord Jesus protect me, and bring me safe
 through.
-

CHRIST THE ROCK.

- 1 **W**E'VE found the rock, the travellers
 cry'd,
The stone that all the prophets try'd :
Come children drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul.
 Which sin and guilt had made so foul.

O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

- 3 O hearken children ! Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run,
I'm glad I ever saw this day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.
- 4 There's glory, glory in my soul,
Come mourner feel the current roll,
Welcome dear friends, 'tis known to night,
It shines around with dazzling light.
- 5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night but lasting day,
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.
- 6 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down,
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
Where love divine for ever rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
'There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.



CHRIST'S LOVE REVEALED.

- 1 **F**AR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure vaulted sky,
Jesus sits his love revealing

To his splendid troops on high,
 Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
 At his feet they prostrate fall,
 Saints and angels all avowing,
 God in Christ is all in all.

2 Would we leave our foolish dreaming
 Of a fancied Heaven below,
 And see Jesu's glory beaming,
 How our souls would long to go,
 Earth by us would then be spurn'd,
 All its vanity subside;
 Fuel fit for to be burn'd,
 All its honours pleasures, pride.

3 From the general conflagration,
 We should to God's refuge fly,
 Clasp the hope of our salvation,
 Live in Christ, in Jesus die.
 We in him our rest regaining,
 All its blessedness should prove;
 O'er our foes victorious reigning,
 Perfected in spotless love.

4 We should for the day be waiting,
 When the full reward is given,
 When the glorious work's completed,
 Jesus takes his church to Heaven,
 Pure from every stain of nature,
 There in holiness to shine,
 Moulded like its great Creator,
 All immortal, all divine.

SUNDAY HYMN.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is ris'n indeed,
 And bids his members rise.
 Ye saints by Jesus freed,
 Pursue him to the skies.
 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

- 2 On this triumphant day,
 Peculiar his own;
 He calls his church to pray,
 And sing around his throne.
 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

- 3 Jesus to us impart
 Thy resurrection's power,
 And teach our quicken'd heart,
 Its living Lord t' adore;
 To vie with the redeem'd above,
 Rejoicing in thy pard'ning love.

- 4 Us by thy peace assure,
 Thou dost our sins forgive;
 And then our spirits pure,
 Unto thyself receive,
 To keep the day of rest above,
 Rejoicing in thy heav'nly love.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

- 1 **W**HAT hath the world to equal this,
 The solid peace; the heavenly bliss
 The joy immortal, life divine,
 The love of Jesus, ever mine;
 Greater joys I'm born to know,
 From terrestrial
 To celestial,
 When I up to Jesus go.

- 2 When I shall leave this house of clay,
 The glorious angels shall convey
 Upon their golden wings shall I
 Be wafted far above the sky,
 There behold him free from harms;
 Beauty vernal,
 Spring eternal,
 In my lovely Jesu's arms.

- 3 There in sweet silent rapture wait,
 Till the saints' number is complete,
 Till the last trump of God shall sound,
 Break up the graves and tear the ground;
 Then descending with the Lamb,
 Every spirit
 Shall inherit
 Bodies of eternal frame.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes the Judge severe,
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking,
 Sinners shrink with awful fear.
 Come to Judgment
 Stand your awful doom to hear.

- 2 See! the world in flame a burning,
 Hills and mountains fly away.
 The moon in blood the stars a flaming,
 Comets blazing through the sky,
 Thunder rolling!
 Sinners now for help do cry.

- 3 From the general conflagration,
 Mounts the righteous up on high,
 Gain the hope of their salvation,
 Live with God no more to die,
 Hallelujah,
 Glory to the Lamb they cry,

- 4 Stop my soul look back and wonder,
 See the wicked left behind,
 Hear them crying weeping, wailing,
 For a moment's ease to find;
 Doom'd to sorrow,
 In the lake of hell confin'd

MOURNING FOR AN ABSENT SAVIOUR.

- 1 **D**EAREST Jesus though unseen,
My believing heart must love thee;
Poor despised Nazarene:
A true and constant friend I prove thee,
Sinking in thy balmy name,
O how I love my dearest Lamb.
- 2 Night and day I vent my sigh,
Languishing to see my Saviour,
With warm heart and wond'ring eye,
I view my dying Lord for ever,
Here I always would abide,
O this I chuse and nought beside.
- 3 Like the widow'd turtle dove,
I, dear lovely Lamb, mourn for thee
Pants my soul thy love to prove,
Crying O my God restore me
To thy presence sweet and fair,
O how I long to meet thee there.
- 4 Every moment seems an age,
Till thy presence shall relieve me,
Till thy grace my woes assuage,
And thy absence no more grieve me:
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,
O how thy presence feeds the flame.
- 5 O'er the hills I see him come,
Quick as darts the piercing lightning,

Scattered o'er the horrid gloom :
 All thy joys are quick and brightning.
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,
 O how I love thy dearest name.



RECRUITING HYMN.

- 1 **C**HRIST is set on Zion's hill,
 He receiveth sinners still ;
 Who will serve this bleſſed King,
 Come enliſt and with me ſing.
 I his ſoldier ſure ſhall be,
 Happy in eternity.
- 2 I by faith enliſted am,
 In the ſervice of the Lamb ;
 Preſent pay I now receive,
 Future happineſs he'll give.
 I his ſoldier, &c.
- 3 Zion's King my Captain is,
 Conqueſt I ſhall never miſs,
 Let the fiends of hell engage,
 Fret and foam, and roar and rage.
 I his ſoldier, &c.
- 4 I let the world their forces join,
 With the fiends of hell combine ;
 Greater is my King than they,
 Through him, I ſhall win the day.
 I his ſoldier, &c.

- 5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,
Though they persecute me here ;
True, they may the body kill,
But my King's on Zion's hill.

I his foldier, &c.

- 6 What a Captain have I got ;
Is not mine a happy lot :
Hear, ye worldlings ! hear my song,
This, the language of my tongue.

I his foldier, &c.

- 7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more ;
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.

I his foldier, &c.

- 8 Come ye wordlings, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ ;
Whosoever will, may come,
Jesus Christ refuseth none.

I his foldier, &c.

- 9 Jesus is my Captain's name,
Now as yesterday the same ;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive.

I his foldier, &c.

- 10 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away ;

Now in Jesu's name believe,
Future happiness he'll give ;

Yes in heav'n you sure shall be,
Praising God eternally.

Recruiting Hymn.—Part II.

1 **B**ROTHER foldier still fight on,
Till the battle thou hast won ;
The great Captain thou didst chuse,
Never did a battle lose.

We his foldiers sure shall be
Happy in eternity.

2 Advocates for sin do say
We can never win the day ;
Would discourage all the host,
Meanly yield—the battle's lost.

We his foldiers, &c.

3 They that do his host defy,
Shall before his presence fly ;
If we on our Captain call,
They like Jericho shall fall.

We his foldier, &c.

4 Still fight on and you shall see
All the sons of Anak flee,
Fear them not, tho' they be tall,
Our great Captain conquers all.

More than conq'rors we shall be
Happy thro' eternity.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all the saints I'll join to tell
My Jesus has done all things well
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But, O his love! what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well
- 3 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me tho' I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 At last my soul has known his love;
What mercy has he made me prove!
Mercy which does all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chaf'ning rod,
I knew whatever me befel,
My Jesus would do all things well.
- 6 Though many a firey flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart;
With this I all their rage expel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

- 7 Oft times my Lord his face did hide,
To make me pray or kill my pride;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 8 Soon I shall pass the veil of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
Then, then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 **H**ERALDS of the King of kings
Preach the peace the gospel brings
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Preach the virtue of his blood.
- 2 Celebrate with ev'ry breath
Jesu's meritorious death:
Speak of Jesu's saving name,
Which for ever is the same.
- 3 And may we in chorus join,
Blessing, praising love divine;
Never be ashamed to tell
Christ hath sav'd our souls from hell.

MEETING BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD

1 **C**OME on my fellow-pilgrims, come,
 And let us all be hast'ning home;
 We soon shall land on yon blest shore,
 Where pains and sorrow are no more:
 There we our Jesus shall adore,
 For ever blest.

2 What tho' our way to Zion be
 Beset with pain and poverty,
 What tho' temptation us assail,
 Tho' foes increase and friends do fail,
 The Lord's our friend we'll cry all hail!
 For ever blest.

3 O what a joyful meeting when,
 With all the saints and righteous men,
 With angels and archangels too,
 We sing the song for ever new,
 And still have Jesus in our view
 For ever blest.

4 No period then our joys shall know,
 Secure from ev'ry mortal foe;
 No sickness there, no want or pain
 Shall e'er disturb our rest again,
 When with Immanuel we reign
 For ever blest.

FOR THE MORNING.

- 1 **M**Y God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose ;
His angels watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.
- 2 Now for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I'll pay ;
And unto God I'll dedicate,
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fear and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
My death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.



ON THE MILLENIUM.

- 1 **H**ARK ! my soul, the trumpet sounding
Christ the awful Judge is come ;
Now arise, shake off thy slumber,
Angels wait to make him room.
Thou art welcome,
To thy everlasting home.

- 2 See the ransom'd throng ascending,
Swift towards their Zion move ;
Thro' the skies their courses bending,
Till they take their seats above ;
There to worship,
And adore the God of love.
- 3 On thy great white throne of glory,
O thou everlasting King,
There the angels fall before thee
And the saints due praises sing,
Thou art worthy
O thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 4 By thy groaning and thy bleeding,
Thou didst thy apparel stain ;
Groaning, dying, interceding,
For the helpless race of man ;
Now triumphant,
King of kings for ever reign.
- 5 With thy sword and bloody vesture,
Now thine enemies subdued ;
Now the stubborn nations conquer,
Oh, thou righteous, just and true,
King eternal,
Conquer now thine every foe.
- 6 In the skies the awful token
Of thy coming does appear ;
Nature's all confus'd and broken,

- Rocks and mountains hurled are,
In whose ruins,
Now these rebels quake and fear.
- 7 In thy robe of vengeance flaming,
With the armies of the skies;
Turning in the ruins burning,
Lightning from thy presence flies:
In thy fury,
Conq'ring thy last enemies.
- 8 Shock'd by thy tremendous thunders,
Lo we tremble and behold;
Rocks and hills are cleav'd afunder,
Elements in flames are roll'd:
Like a vesture,
Thou dost all the heavens fold.
- 9 Now the tribes of earth with mourning
Stand to hear their final doom;
Down from whence there's no returning
Down to that infernal gloom,
They are banish'd,
Never more from thence to come,
- 10 Then with joy and admiration,
Shall the followers of the Lamb
Shout all honour and salvation,
To the Dear Redeemer's name:
They shall praise him
Who through tribulation came.

ON THE SUN'S RISING.

1 **H**AIL to thy brightness, glorious sun ?
 That gilds the op'ning day ;
 How far beyond the cold pale moon,
 Thy warm superior ray !
 At thy approach all nature smiles,
 Its orient tears dry up :
 The birds with songs, the time beguiles,
 With glad'ning joys they hop.

2 **B**UT ah ! how short the transient gleam,
 Thy hast'ning steps forebode,
 That the refulgence of thy beam
 Do but a transient good ;
 Yet still a sun prepares to rise,
 That brings eternal day,
 And shews us an immortal prize,
 That never will decay.



THE HAPPY HOPEFUL SAINT.

1 **O** May I worthy prove to see,
 The saints in full prosperity ;
 To see the bright the glittering bride,
 Close seated by her Saviour's side.
 Hallelujah.

2 **O** may I find some humble seat,
 Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet ;
 A servant as before I've been,
 And sing salvation to my King.
 Hallelujah.

3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.
Hallelujah.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
Hallelujah.

5 Farewel vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
Hallelujah.

6 I soon shall pass that veil of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath:
And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
Hallelujah.

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground;
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
Hallelujah.

8 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies;

This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
Hallelujah.

- 9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.
Hallelujah.

THE JUBILEE.

THE JUBILEE.

- 1 **H**ARK! the Jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come,
Free salvation is proclaimed
In and through God's only Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord, is come to reign.
- 2 Come dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it now's your time:
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.
- 3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the Way;
We shall all receive a blessing,

If from him we do not stray ;
Golden moments we've neglected,
O the time we've spent in vain.
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come let's run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God :
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come dear children praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore,
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore :
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honour, &c.



THE GOSPEL SLIGHTED.

1 **M**Y friends and my neighbours that live in
this place,
Come listen a while and I'll tell you your
case ;
You have slighted the gospel, despised God's
word,
And scoff'd at the preachers that were sent by
the Lord.

- 2 There's many a good sermon you've heard in
this place,
To warn you of sinning and teach you in free
grace;
But now may the preachers complain unto
the Lord,
And mourn that the people have rejected
their word.
- 3 Some under affliction will appear for to
mourn,
And when in sharp sickness they promise to
return;
But if the Lord spares them, they will turn to
their sin,
To drinking and swearing, and to dancing
again.
- 4 Sinners now you are left in a dangerous case,
You can rail at God's people and that in their
face;
You can make yourselves merry, but friends,
you don't know
God's vengeance pursues you wherever you
go.
- 5 We read that the wicked are turned into
hell,
And all that forget God, with devils must
dwell;

I pray you be entreated to turn to the Lord
 Whilst mercy is offer'd be led by his word.

- 6 Farewel my dear friends, I must bid you fare-
 wel,
 The love that I have for you there's no one
 can tell;
 I wish above all things that we all may pre-
 pare
 To meet Christ in glory, and reign with him
 there.
-

BACKSLIDER'S COMPLAINT.

- 1 **O** HOW fore a thing and grievous,
 Is it from our God to run;
 When we force our God to leave us,
 Wretched are we and undone.
- 2 Are we not our own tormentors,
 When from happiness we flee?
 Yes, my soul, the iron enters,
 Sin is perfect misery.
- 3 I the bitter cup have tasted,
 Still I drink the mingled gall;
 Still my soul by sin lies wasted,
 Unrecover'd from its fall.
- 4 Still beneath his frown I languish;
 God, from whom I would depart,

Leaves me to my grief and anguish,
Gives me up to my own heart.

5 Pain and curse I now inherit,
Fears and wars and storms within ;
Grief and agony of spirit
Sin chastising me for sin.

6 Ye who now enjoy his favour,
Husband well the precious grace ;
Never lose, like me, your Saviour,
Never break from his embrace.

7 Do not by your lightness grieve him,
Youthful lusts and idols flee ;
Little children never leave him,
Never grieve your God like me.

8 Pray and when the answer's given :
When you find the passage free :
When your pray'rs have open'd heav'n,
Faithful souls, remember me,

ALL IS VANITY.

1 **T**HOU' sinners would vex me,
And troubles perplex me
Against inclination ah ! what shall I do,
No longer a rover,
My follies are over,
For one thing is needful and that I'll pursue.

'Time is now no longer,
The aged and younger, [in all.
Shall hear the dread sentence for Christ's all

7 Behold how divided,
The judgment decided,
Poor sinners bewailing their folly in hell,
But glory to Jesus,
Believing he'll save us,
With angels in glory his praises we'll swell



FRIEND'S PARTING HYMN.

I OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun ;
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire
He stop'd and talk'd and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour let creation sing,
A Saviour let all Heaven ring
He's God with us we feel him ours,
His fulness in our soul he pours:
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen, Amen.

- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken firm and fix'd
 With Christ to live and die ;
 Let devils rage and hell assail,
 We'll cut our passage through ;
 Let foes unite and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown our due.

A Saviour let, &c.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heav'ns are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And all its moisture drain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour the mighty flood ;
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

A Saviour let, &c.

- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up
 And sets thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, we little band of love
 Be sinners sav'd by grace,
 From glory, into glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour let, &c.

JERUSALEM.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my labour all be o'er,
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 Thy gates are richly set with pearls
 Most glorious to behold,
 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold:
- 2 Thy gardens and the pleasant fruits
 Continually are green,
 So sweet a sight by human eye,
 Has never yet been seen;
 If heav'n be thus, glorious Lord,
 Why must I keep from thence,
 What folly 'tis that makes me loath
 To die and go from hence?
- 3 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end,
 When wilt thou come to me O Lord?
 O come my Lord most dear,
 Come dearest Saviour nearer still,
 I'm well when thou art near.
- 4 My dear Redeemer is above,
 Him will I go to see,
 And all my friends in Christ below,
 Shall soon come after me.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee,
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.



THE PROSPEROUS SAINT.

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage free'd,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk that narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The earth must hear and know her doom,
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
When Christ himself these words proclaims,
Here come my saints, I know their names.

- 6 Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heav'n now sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood !
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.
- 9 They've fought the fight, their race is run,
Their joys are now in heav'n begun,
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,
No more afflicted now like me.
- 10 Here I am now in prison bound,
And trials wait me all around,
O would'st thou Lord now burst the chain,
How I would join to praise thy name.



GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days !

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No—when I blush—be this my shame
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no God to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

THE BELIEVER'S HIDING PLACE

- 1 **H**AIL sov'reign love that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mansion of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Inwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But lo! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love, arrest the man;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
She led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.

- 7 Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That might have crush'd a world to hell,
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling years at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
When I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.



INVITATION.

- 1 **C**OME souls that long for Jesus,
Come listen while we sing,
The hand that hath redeem'd us
From sorrow and from sin.
O come and taste the sweetness
That from a Saviour flows,
The grace of true repentance
That Christ on him bestows.
- 2 Tho' tears and bitter mourning
May seem to cast us down,
It shews we are returning
To our eternal home.
What tho' we are dejected,
And find a darksome night,
We shall not be rejected,
For Christ will give us light.

- 3 These thirsty longing mourners
Are blessed with the word,
Which proves they are returners
To Christ the living Lord,
Who many wants discover,
And long for righteousness,
Declare that they are lovers
Of Christ the Prince of peace.
- 4 The gospel now invites you
To fly into his arms,
Where you shall find rescue
From all the law's alarms,
There mercy's charms are witnessed
To all that are distress'd,
Flowing in all its sweetness
From Jesu's loving breast.
- 5 And ye that now are wand'ring
In sin's forbidden way,
Ye simple and ye scorning,
Who love to go astray,
Hear Jesu's voice inviting
O sinner turn to me.
There's sweetness in returning
From sin's forbidden way.
- 6 My invitation freely
And kindly I address
To those who are stout-hearted,
And far from righteousness.

Lo, here's a flowing fountain,
 For whosoever will,
 My grace is still abounding,
 O come and drink your fill.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

- 1 **L**IFT your heads ye friends of Jesus,
 Partners of his patience here ;
 Christ to all believers precious,
 Lord of hosts shall soon appear ;
 Mark the tokens,
 Of his heav'nly kingdom near.
- 2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
 Darken'd into endless night ;
 When with angel hosts surrounded,
 In his father's glory bright
 Beams the Saviour,
 Shines the everlasting light.
- 3 See the stars from heaven falling,
 Hear on earth the doleful cry,
 Men on rocks and mountains calling,
 While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
 Hide us, hide us,
 Rocks and mountains, from his eye.
- 4 Lo, 'tis he, our heart's desire,
 Come for his espous'd below !
 Come to join us with his choir,
 Come to make our joys o'er flow ;
 Palms of triumph,
 Crowns of glory to bestow.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

- 1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne,
 Now poor sinner, Christ shall shew thee
 He is the eternal Son;
 Trumpets call thee,
 Come to hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting
 At the thoughts of future pain;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he cries and weeps in vain,
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder stands the lovely Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love;
 Oh! that I had sought his favour,
 When I felt his spirit move!
 Doomed justly,
 For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his warnings I have slighted,
 While he daily fought my soul;
 If some vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke the whole;
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll.
- 5 Yonder stands my godly neighbours,
 Who were once despis'd by me,

They are clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting my sad fate to see;
 Farewel neighbours,
 Dismal gulph I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
 Grov'ling, rattling, of your chains,
 Christ has now denounc'd our sentence,
 We must dwell in endless pains :
 Down I'm rolling,
 Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,
 Hell is not a fabled thing;
 Lo, I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they ever sing ;
 I'm tormented
 By an everlasting sting.



YOUTH HASTENING TO ETERNITY.

1 **T**HE rising youth espouse the cause
 Of Jesus and his sacred laws,
 Behold them rise on every hand,
 And marching to the promis'd land.

2 No earthly joys can equal theirs,
 They shout and sing with flowing tears,
 With heavenly transport fill'd they cry,
 We'll praise the sovereign of the sky.

3 O sacred spark, celestial fire,
 In flame each heart with pure desire.

The time draws near, the moments fly,
The rising youth mount up on high.

- 4 But there's a youth for ruin bound,
His head with earthly laurel crown'd;
Come go with us and you shall prove
The joys of vast redeeming love.
- 5 This earth with all its glittering toys,
Compar'd with these celestial joys,
Like momentary sparks appear ;
Come, go with us, your soul is dear.
- 6 We wait your answer, will you go,
And drink the living streams that flow,
Proceeding from the throne of God,
And purchas'd with a Saviour's blood ?
- 7 Or must we leave the blooming youth
To bar his heart against the truth ?
No, come my brother, Jesus calls,
O come with us, give up your alls !
- 8 Come you that love a bleeding Lord,
And feel the witness of his blood ;
Let's watch, and pray, and travel on,
Till Jesus comes to take us home.
- 9 Our stay is short, we soon must go
From grief and sorrow here below ;
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
And spend a sweet eternity.

PRIDE.

- 1 **I** NNUMERABLE foes
 Attack the child of God,
 He feels within the weight of sin,
 A grievous galling load.
- 2 Temptations too without,
 Of various kinds assault,
 Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
 And often make him halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint
 He meets with many a blow,
 His own bad heart creates his smart,
 Which only God can know.
- 4 But tho' the hosts of hell
 Be neither weak nor small,
 One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
 And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'Tis pride accursed pride,
 That sin by God abhorr'd,
 Do what we will, it haunts us still,
 And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
 And bloats the soul with air,
 The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
 And makes e'en grace a snare.

- 7 Awake, nay while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of heav'n not slack,
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When unperceiv'd 'tis worse ;
Unseen or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r,
Against it preach it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment while I sing,
I feel its pow'r within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This hungry tyrant kill,
That wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God,
To whom else can we go ?

Remove our pride whate'er betide,
And make and keep us low.

- 14 Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude,
For should it dare to enter there,
'T would soon be drown'd in blood.

FREE GRACE.

- 1 **C**OME ye happy race
Who are ransom'd by grace,
By the grace that is free for us all ;
Come and hear, come and feel,
While with rapture I tell,
What my Saviour hath done for my soul.
- 2 I rebell'd against God,
And went on in the road
That leads down to eternal despair ;
'Tis thro' mercy alone
That I am not undone :
'Tis amazing I yet am not there.
- 3 In gross darkness I lay
Unto Satan a prey,
Nor the danger or consequence fear'd :
Not by rigour compell'd
With delight did I yield,
Nor complain'd that his service was hard.
- 4 But Jehovah's command
Put my soul to a stand ;

O! the gracious and powerful cry :
 " Sinners turn unto me ;
 " For my mercy is free,
 " For, why wilt thou perish and die ?"

5 In a moment my guilt
 Thro' the blood that was spilt
 A new life from the dead I receiv'd ;
 Then I sang the new song,
 With my heart and my tongue—
 With my heart to salvation believ'd.

6 His adorable grace
 Thro' my life I can trace,
 And thro' scenes of affliction go on :
 With my Saviour in view
 The high prize I pursue,
 Nor am I weary or faint when I run.

7 The good Shepherd shall keep
 His once wandering sheep,
 Who are brought to his fold will defend ;
 ' I was his blood that I cost,
 And I shall not be lost
 If I hold on my way to the end.



CLEAVING TO CHRIST.

1 **B**RETHREN let us praise our Lord,
 Exalt his blessed name ;
 Let us hear and keep his word,
 His glory be our aim,

Let us resolutely strive
 To work God's work with full intent,
 And what it is to believe
 On him whom he has sent.

2 Faith implanted from above,
 Will prove a fertile root,
 Whence will spring a tree of love,
 Producing precious fruit.
 Tho' bleak winds the bows deface,
 The rooted stock shall still remain;
 Leaves many languish, fruit decrease,
 But more shall grow again.

3 Happy souls who cleave to Christ,
 By pure and living faith,
 Finding him their king and priest,
 Their God and guide 'till death.
 God's own foe may plague his sons,
 Sin may distress but not subdue,
 Christ who conquer'd for us once,
 Will in us conquer too.



VANITY OF THE CREATURE SANCTIFIED.

1 **H**ONEY though the bee prepares,
 An envenom'd sting he wears;
 Piercing thorns a guard compose
 Round the fragrant blooming rose.

2 When we think to find a sweet,
 Oft a painful sting we meet;

When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.

3 Why are thus our hopes beguil'd,
Why are all our pleasures spoil'd ?
Why do agony and woe
From our choicest comforts grow ?

4 Sin has been the cause of all,
'Twas not thus before the fall :
What but pain, and thorn and sting,
From the root of sin can spring.

5 Now with ev'ry good we find
Vanity and grief entwin'd ;
What we see, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

6 Yet through the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove,
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.

7 From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean ;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place.

8 In the mansions of our King,
Sweets abound without a sting ;
Thornless there the roses blow,
All the joys unmingled flow.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 **T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
- 2 But O my soul reflect and wonder,
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in Judgment shall appear.
- 3 See nature stands all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
"Arise ye dead and come to Judgment,
"Ye nations of this world around."
- 4 Loud thunder rumbling thro' the concave,
Bright forked lightning parts the skies,
The heav'ns a shaking the earth a quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 5 The orb'd lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run;
The wheel of time stopp'd in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun.
- 6 Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their trembling bases roar,
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

- 7 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead both small and great ;
See the whole world, both saint and sinner,
Are coming to the judgment seat.
- 8 See Jesus on a throne of justice
Come thundering down the parted sky,
With countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs shouts of joy.
- 9 Bright shining streams from his awful pre-
sence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine ;
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him, all his saints combine.
- 10 " Go forth ye heralds with speed like light-
ning,
" Call in my saints from distant land,
" Those that my blood from hell has ran-
som'd,
" Whose names in life's fair book do stand.
- 11 " O come ye blessed of my Father,
" The purchase of my dying love ;
" Receive the crowns of life and glory,
" Which are laid up for you above—
- 12 " For your dear souls which have continued
" With me, and my temptations bore,

“ I have provided for you a kingdom,
 “ To reign with me for evermore.”

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,
 No sickness, pain nor death to fear;
 No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
 Shall ever have admittance there.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble
 When Justice calls them to the bar;
 Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear?

15 See justice now with indignation,
 Calling aloud for sinners' blood,
 Those that slighted offer'd mercy,
 And crucify'd the Son of God.

16 “ Depart from me ye cursed sinners,
 “ My face you never more shall see,
 “ Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 “ To endless woe and misery.”

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror
 And anguish, throbbing in their breast;
 For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,
 And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners here's a faithful warning,
 Return to Jesus whilst you may,
 For he is ready to receive you,
 Or else you must depart away.

PETER SINNING AND REPENTING

- 1 **W**HEN Peter boasted, soon he fell,
Yet was by grace restor'd ;
His case should be regarded well
By all who fear the Lord.
- 2 A voice it has, and helping hand,
Backsliders to recall ;
And cautions those who think they stand,
Left suddenly they fall.
- 3 He said whatever others do,
With Jesus I'll abide ;
Yet soon amidst a murd'rous crew
His suff'ring Lord deny'd.
- 4 He who had been so bold before,
Now trembled like a leaf ;
Not only ly'd but curs'd and swore,
To gain the more belief.
- 5 While he blasphem'd, he heard the cock,
And Jesus lock'd in love ;
At once, as if by lightning struck,
His tongue forbore to move,
- 6 Deliver'd thus from Satan's snare,
He starts, as from a sleep ;
His Saviour's look he could not bear,
But hasted forth to weep.

- 7 But sure the frightful cock had crow'd
 An hundred times in vain,
 Had not the Lord that look bestow'd,
 The meaning to explain.
- 8 As I like Peter vows had made,
 Yet acted Peter's part ;
 So conscience, like the cock upbraids
 My base ungrateful heart.
- 9 Lord Jesus, hear a sinner's cry,
 My broken peace renew ;
 And grant one pitying look, that I
 May weep with Peter too.



LONGING TO SEE JESUS.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love.
 When shall I be deliver'd,
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not to fear,
 And if I hold out faithful,

A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer tho' I die,
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly :
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu,
 And you my friends prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials,
 And troubles on the way,
 Cast all your fears on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray,
 Gird on the blessed armour
 Of faith, and hope and love,
 And when the combat's ended,
 You'll reign with him above,

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not forget to lend,
 Nor will he yet upbraid you,
 The oft'ner you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you up to rest.

THE RESURRECTION.

- 1 **I** AM Alpha, says the Saviour ;
I Omega likewise am :
I was dead, and live for ever,
God Almighty and the Lamb.
In the Lord is our perfection,
And in him our boast we'll make :
We shall share his resurrection,
If we of his death partake.
- 2 Ye that die without repentance,
Ye must rise when Christ appears,
Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,
While the saints rejoice in theirs :
You to dwell with fiends infernal,
They with Jesus Christ to reign ;
They go into life eternal,
You to everlasting pain.
- 3 Bold rebellion, base backsliding,
Stop your course, reflect with dread ;
In destruction there's no hiding,
Death and hell give up their dead :
Ev'ry sea, and lake and river
Shall restore their dead to view :
Shout for gladness O believer ;
Christ is risen, so shall you, -

HYMN.

IN PRAISE TO GOD.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise,
All praise to him belongs ;

Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs,
 Whose providence has brought us through
 Another various year :
 We all with vows, and anthems new,
 Before our God appear.

CHORUS.

A Saviour let creation sing,
 A Saviour let all heav'n ring,
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours.
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining them who're gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continu'd care ;
 To thee presenting, thro' thy Son
 Whate'er we have, or are ;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To seek thy face above.

A Saviour let, &c.

- 3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be,
 And all our consecrated pow'rs
 A sacrifice to thee.
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But from the mighty flood,

O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

A Saviour let, &c.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And seas thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,
May we—We little band of love,
Be sinners fav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour let, &c.



ON THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

1 **L**O! the God by whom salvation
Is to fallen men restor'd;
Now resumes his blissful station,
Shews himself th' Almighty Lord;
Slow ascending,
Bids us for a while farewell.

2 Who his heavn'ly state suspended,
And for man's atonement dy'd;
By unnumber'd hosts attended
Rises to his father's side;
Borne by angels
Back to his eternal throne.

3 Seraphs chaunt his endless praises,
Guard him to his ancient seat;

Open wide, ye heav'nly places,
 Your returning God admit :
 Heav'nly portals,
 Let the King of glory in !

4 Christ his kingdom re-inherits,
 His before the world began ;
 Myriads of admiring spirits
 Hover round the Son of Man ;
 Wrapt in wonder,
 View the wounds he bore for us.

5 Worthy thou of exaltation,
 Loft in sweet surprise they sing :
 Mortals with like acclamation,
 Hail your great redeeming King ;
 Let your voices,
 Emulate th' angelic choir.

6 Yes, O Christ, from every creature,
 Praise shall to thy name be giv'n ;
 Worthy thou of more and greater,
 King of saints, and King of heav'n !
 Kindling transports
 Swell our hearts and tune our tongues.

7 Tho' our Lord is taken from us,
 - Present but in spirit now,
 This his faithful word of promise
 Made, while sojourning below ;
 " Where I enter,
 " Thither shall my servants come."

- 8 Him we praise for his ascension,
 Conqueror of sin and death ;
 Gone up to prepare a mansion
 For his ransom'd flock beneath ;
 They shall quickly
 Reign with him in glory there.
- 9 There already is our treasure,
 There our heart, our hope, our crown ;
 Thence on sublunary pleasure,
 We, with holy scorn, look down :
 Earth hath nothing
 Worth a moment's transient thought.
- 10 We shall soon in bliss adore thee,
 Gain the realms of endless day ;
 Soon be gather'd home to glory,
 All our tears be wip'd away ;
 'There, for ever,
 Sing the Lamb's new song of love.



THE SPIRIT'S FAREWEL TO THE BODY.

- 1 **H**OW am I held a prisoner now,
 Far from my God ! this mortal chain
 Binds me to sorrow ; all below
 Is short-liv'd ease, or tiresome pain.
- 2 When shall that wond'rous hour appear,
 Which frees me from this dark abode,
 To live at large in regions, where
 No cloud nor veil shall hide my God ?

- 3 Farewel this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
 These snares and fetters of the mind;
 My God! nor let this frame arise,
 Till every dust be well refin'd.
- 4 Jesus, who mak'st our natures whole,
 Mould me a body like thy own:
 Then shall it better serve my soul
 In works of praise and worlds unknown.



ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE.

- 1 **A**ND is this heav'n? and am I there!
 How short the road! how swift the flight
 I am all life, all eye, all ear;
 Jesus is here—my soul's delight.
- 2 Is this the heav'nly friend who hung,
 In blood and anguish on the tree,
 Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
 Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?
- 3 How fair thou offspring of my God!
 Thou first born image of his face!
 Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
 Thy vital beams adorn the place.
- 4 Lo, he presents me at the throne
 All praises—there the Godhead reigns
 Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly strains.

ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not" said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled minds:
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
"And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrap'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
"Begin, and never cease."

A HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

- 1 **M**OURN, mourn ye saints, as if you see
Our Saviour dear nail'd to the tree;
A bitter death he did endure,
To save the souls of men secure.
 - 2 Oh ! how his purple streams did flow,
His blood on man he did bestow;
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
And pierced side ran down with blood.
 - 3 What wisdom can conceive or know,
What tongue or pen can truly show
The vast dimensions of his love,
Or shew his pow'r in heav'n above.
 - 4 To God be praise and worship done,
For giving us his only Son :
Let's tune our souls, and him adore,
In Hallelujahs evermore.
-

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMASS DAY.

- 1 **A**RISE and hail the sacred day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things :
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The Son of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

2 If angels on that happy morn,
 The Saviour of the world was born,
 Pour'd forth seraphic songs ;
 Much more should we of human race,
 Adore the wonders of his grace,
 To whom the grace belongs.

3 How wonderful, how vast his love,
 Who left the shining realms above,
 Those happy seats of rest !
 How much for lost mankind he bore,
 Their peace and pardon to restore,
 Can never be express'd.

4 Whilst we adore his boundless grace,
 And pious mirth and joy take place
 Of sorrow, grief and pain :
 Give glory to our God on high,
 And not amongst the gen'ral joy,
 Forget good will to men.

5 O ! then let heav'n and earth rejoice,
 Creation's whole united voice,
 And hymn that happy day ;
 When sin and Satan vanquish'd fell,
 And all the pow'rs of death and hell,
 Before his sov'reign sway.



MARTINER'S HYMN.

1 **S**ING my soul his wond'rous love,
 Who from that bright throne above,

Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heav'n and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us bestow?

3 Sing my tongue, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him 'till he call us home,
Trust his love for all to come.



THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

1 **N**EVER let the good despair,
While the cherub hope is near;
Trust in him who gave thee breath,
He will ease the pangs of death;
To the faithful Christian, he
Whispers immortality.

2 Should the haughty man oppress,
Frowning on thee in distress;
Or because thou'rt meek and poor
Shut thee from his stately door;
Call on God, be not afraid
He will ne'er refuse thee aid.

3 Or should death in ambush lie,
When thy hour is come to die,

Heed him not but trust thy soul
 With the Lord, who shall controul
 Death's cold hand, for time will show
 Death shall die as well as thou.

- 3 Then thy soul shall be convey'd
 Where the heav'nly choirs array'd;
 Near their high Immortal King,
 Hallelujahs there to sing
 Faithful Christians kneeling by,
 Bless'd to all eternity.
-

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 **O** THOU in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope my salvation, my all. [sheep,
 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
 To feed on the pasture of love?
 For why in the valley of death shall I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread?
 Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
 see;
 And smile at the tears I have shed
 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
 The Star that on Israel shone?
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he is gone?

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odours around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd,
 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
 In the vales on the banks of the streams ;
 On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence blow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams !

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadows of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.
 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eye-lids and scatters delight
 Through all the bright mansions on high ;
 Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
 And tremble with fulness of joy.
 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of her voice.

6 His vestments of righteousness who shall describe!

Its purity words would defile :

The heav'ns from his presence fresh beauties imbibe,

And earth is made rich by his smile.

Such is my beloved in excellence bright,

When pleas'd he looks down from above ;
Like the morn, when he breathes from the
chamber of light,

And comforts his people with love.

7 But when armed with vengeance, in terror he comes,

The nations' rebellions to tame,

The reins of omnipotent pow'r he assumes,

And rides in a chariot of flame.

A two edged sword from his mouth issues forth,

Bright quivers of fire are his eyes ;

He speaks, the black tempests are seen in the north,

And storms from their caverns arise.

8 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for his word,

And ride on the wings of his breath,

Fly swift as the winds at the nod of their Lord,

And deal out his arrows of death.

His cloud-bursting thunders, their voices re-sound

Through all the vast regions on high;
Till from the deep centre loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flames in the sky.

- 9 The portals of heav'n at his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banners appear;
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains
give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
When he treads on the clouds as the dust of
his feet,
And grasps the big storm in his hand;
What eye the fierce glance of his anger shall
meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand?
-

CONVERSION.

- 1 **O**H! how I have long'd for the coming of
God,
And sought him by praying and searching his
word;
With watching and fasting my soul was op-
press'd,
Nor would I give over 'till Jesus had bless'd.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise, he answer'd my pray'r,
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying and weeping to God,
Their mourning and praying is heard very
loud,
And many find favour thro' Jesus's blood.
- 4 Here're more my dear Saviour who fall at
thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great:
O raise them my Jesus to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujahs with angels above.
- 5 I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll
sing,
O God make the nations in praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.
- 6 We'll wait for thy chariot, 't seems to draw
near,
O come my dear Saviour let glory appear,
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus's love.

HEAVEN.

- 1 **Y**E souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,
Your sins are all forgiv'n;
Let every Christian raise his voice,
And sing the joys of heav'n.

- 2 Heav'n is that holy happy place ,
Where sin no more defiles ;
Where God unveils his lovely face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.
- 3 Where Jesus, Son of Man and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipt in blood,
And shews his glorious scars.
- 4 Where ransom'd sinners found God's praise,
Th' angelic hosts among,
Sing the rich wonders of his grace,
And Jesus leads the song.
- 5 Where saints are free from ev'ry load
Of passions or of pains,
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.
- 6 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.
- 7 Lord as thou shew'st thy glory there ;
Make known thy grace to us,
And heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

THE CONVICTED SINNER.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus here comes and knocks at
thy door,
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,
Blind, lame, and forsaken, all roll'd in his
blood,
At last overtaken when running from God.
- 2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume,
But Lord to be fed with fragments I come,
Some crumbs from thy table, O let me obtain,
For, lo thou art able my wants to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve no favour to see,
So long I did swerve and wander from thee,
'Till brought by affliction my follies to mourn,
Now under conviction to thee I return.
- 4 For since thou hast said thou wilt cast out
none,
That fly to thine aid as sinners undone,
Now Lord I am come as condemned to die,
And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.
- 5 I cannot depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
'Till feels my poor heart this promise fulfill'd,
That I may for ever a monument be,
To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like me.

AN EVENING HYMN.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings/
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose !
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;
Let no vain dream disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

CHORUS.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WRESTLING JACOB.

- 1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee,
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thy self hast call'd me by my name :
Look on thy hands and read it there !
But who, I ask thee, who art thou !
Tell me thy name and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free ;
I never will unlose my hold :
Art thou the man that dy'd for me
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal,
Thy new unutterable name ?
O tell me, I beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now resolv'd I am :
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;

Tho' every sinnew were unstrung,
 Out of my arms thou shalt not fly ;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ;
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong ;
 And when my all of strength doth fail,
 I shall with thee God-man prevail.

7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
 I stand, and will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.



Wrestling Jacob.—Part II.

1 **Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak ;
 But confident in self despair !
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;
 Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
 And tell me if thy name is love.

2 'Tis love, 'tis love ! thou diedst for me ;
 I hear thee whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
 Pure universal love thou art :

To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspeaking I now receive;
Thro' faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end,
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 Contented now, upon my thigh,
I halt 'till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness,
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

- 7 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
 Hell, earth and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.



SPIRITUAL PRAYER.

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God of love,
 I feel thy drawing from above,
 And own thy matchless power ;
 Help me on earth to do thy will,
 And all thy pleasures to fulfil,
 On me thy blessings show'r.
- 2 If now by grace myself I see
 Most miserable without thee,
 On thee my God I call ;
 Let heavenly fire consume my dross,
 That I all things may count but loss
 For thee, my God, my all.
- 3 O ! keep me from the snare of vice,
 Impart to me true heavenly joys,
 Descending from above ;
 To me thy dying love reveal,
 And no good thing from me conceal,
 'Till all I am is love.

REDEMPTION.

- 1 **C**OME friends and relations let's join heart
and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,
We'll march to the place where redemption is
found.
- 2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,
You can't see the sorrowful state you are in ;
You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain—
O how can such rebels redemption obtain ?
- 3 The place is obscur'd and darkly conceal'd,
Nor can mortals know it until 'tis reveal'd ;
The place is in Jesus, to him we will go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and
woe.
- 4 And if you are wounded and bruise'd by the
fall,
Rise up and press forward, for you he doth
call ;
Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

- 5 And you my dear brethren that love the dear
Lord,
Who've witnessed free pardon by faith in his
word,
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour hath purchas'd salvation you
know.
- 6 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in dis-
guise,
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
'Then hold up your heads redemption draws
near.
- 7 O then the arch-angel the trumpet shall sound,
And awake all the saints that sleep under the
ground,
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise
To meet your redemption with love and sur-
prise.
- 8 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve;
Then we shall be all uncorrupted and free,
And sing of redemption wherever we be.
- 9 Redeemed from sin and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption—redeem'd from
the earth,

Redeem'd from damnation redeem'd from all
woe,

We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

10 Redeemed from pain and redeem'd from dis-
tress,

The fruits of redemption no tongue can ex-
press;

Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus's love,
We'll sing of redemption in heav'n above.



WELCOME, WELCOME.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of Jesu's name;
Glory honour and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Turn to the Lord, &c.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him !
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 Turn to the Lord, &c.

6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude.
 Turn to the Lord, &c.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heav'n,
 Sweetly echo with his name,
 Turn to the Lord, &c.

LAZARUS.

- 1 **C**OME all ye poor sinners that from Adam
came,
Ye poor and ye blind, and ye halt and ye
lame,
Close in with the gospel, upon its own terms,
Or you'll burn for ever, like poor mortal
worms.
- 2 When the Lord shall descend, with a shout
from above,
And call home his saints to bless them with
his love,
And you not renew'd in your souls by his
grace,
Away you must turn with a sorrowful face,
- 3 For if you deny Christ, he will deny you,
You'll be found on his left hand with the wick-
ed crew ;
In horror and in torment for ever you'll lie,
In vain then for mercy, in vain you must cry.
- 4 You've read of the rich man and beggar also :
The beggar he died and to Jesus did go :
The rich man he died, and to his sad surprise,
Awaking in hell, there he lift up his eyes !
- 5 Seeing Abra'm afar off in the mansions above,
And Laz'rus in his bosom in raptures of love,

He cried, father Abra'm, send to my relief,
For I am tormented with pain and with grief.

6 He said, Son remember when you liv'd so bold,
Dress'd in your fine linen, your purple and
gold,
Whilst Laz'rus was laid at your gate full of
grief,
You had not compassion to give him relief.

7 Besides, there's a gulph fix'd betwixt us, you
see,
So those that would pass from hence can't
come to thee ;
But there you must lie, and lament your sad
state,
For now you are sending your cries up too
late.

8 He cried father Abra'm I pray you provide,
Send one from the dead, I've five brethren be-
side ;
They hearing from me and of my wretched
state,
Perhaps they'll repent now before 'tis too late.

3 "They have a rich gospel that spreads far and
wide ;
"They've Moses, the prophets, and apostles
beside.
"If they'll not adhere unto them and repent,
"They will not believe though one from the
dead went."

10 Come poor Zion mourners, O don't you despair,
But cry to your Jesus, he'll answer your pray'r ;
He'll hear your complaints, and ease all your
grief ;
He'll pardon your sins, and will give you relief.

11 And when you shall come to lay your bodies
down,
You'll fly to the regions where you'll wear a
crown ;
The smiles that will come from sweet Jesus's
face
Will make you adore and admire his free grace.



LOVE FEAST.

1 **U**NITED in affection dear,
With hearts on Jesus set ;
We feel our God will meet us here,
Who in his name are met :
Our minds from worldly cares set free,
And fix'd on joys above ;
Each hope, each wish, each pray'r shall be
To share our Saviour's love.

But we'll sing glory, glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high.

- 2 O could we, Lord, make others know
 The pleasures which we feel;
 What comforts from thy goodness flow,
 A sinner's wounds to heal:
 Soon would the heedless, vain and gay,
 That goodness strive to prove;
 Forsake their sins, and seek the way
 To share their Saviour's love.

But we'll sing glory, &c.

- 3 If to reform their wicked ways
 All gentle means should fail,
 The terrors which thy power displays,
 Against them may prevail:
 Proud sinners, humbled by thy wrath,
 Shall trembling kiss the rod:
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 'Till all proclaim thee God.

But we'll sing glory, &c.



FAREWEL.

- 1 **F**AREWEL my brethren in the Lord,
 The gospel sounds the jubilee;
 My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea;
 And as I preach from place to place
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

- 2 Farewel in band and union dear,
 Like strings you twine about my heart;

I humbly beg your earnest prayer
 'Till we shall meet no more to part:
 'Till we shall meet in worlds above,
 Encircled in eternal love.

- 3 Farewel my earthly friends below,
 Although so kind and dear to me;
 My Jesus calls, and I must go
 To found the gospel jubilee,
 To found the joy, and bear the news
 To Gentile world, and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewel young people, one and all,
 While God will give me breath to breathe
 I'll pray to the Eternal All
 That your dear souls in Christ may live;
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be
 To dwell in blest'd eternity.



PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 1 MY God from whom my joys arise,
 Thou fountain of eternal bliss;
 To thee my heart enraptur'd hies,
 Thou source of all my happiness.
- 2 Oft when adversity I knew,
 Oppress'd with sorrow, pain, and grief,
 To thee for comfort then I flew,
 In thee I ever found relief,

- [3 If resident upon the land,
Or voyaging to some distant port;
I saw thy all-sustaining hand,
Held out thy servant to support.]
- 4 My heart dilates in mental praise,
To thee my benefactor Lord;
My voice in gratitude I'll raise,
My heart shall with my tongue accord.
- 5 Still may my soul to heav'n aspire,
And taste on earth, angelic love;
Still may it be my sole desire,
To meet my God in realms above.
- 6 My God I wait thy sov'reign will,
'Till thou shalt please to call me home;
Me with thy holy spirit fill,
Till my Redeemer bids me come.
- 7 Then shall I soar, with glory clad,
On wings cherubic to thy throne;
(The joyful thought my heart makes glad)
To praise the Saviour which I own.
- 8 To ambulate the stars I'll rise,
And see my Maker heav'n's bright King;
With angels far above the skies,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

WHITHER SHALL I GO?

- 1 **W**HITHER should I, Jesus, go?
Whither from my Lord depart?
Can the world's vain glitt'ring show,
Tear me from my Saviour's heart?
- 2 Joy, and peace, and love, alone,
In my Jesus can be found;
'Twas his last expiring groan,
To his love the rebel bound.
- 3 Whither from eternal life,
Should my waken'd soul remove?
Carnal pleasures wage a strife,
But they're all subdu'd by love.
- 4 May I in thy arms abide,
Jesus, Sun of Righteousness;
Never may I turn aside,
From the path of blessedness.
- 5 Hence insidious world, no more
Shall you charm me with your wiles;
Jesus, let me gain that shore,
Ever blessed with thy smiles.
- 6 There in endless joys to sing,
Jesu's all prevailing grace;
In the presence of my King,
May I find a happy place.



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